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Volume CCXXXVII No. 3088

The SPHERE, London, June 6, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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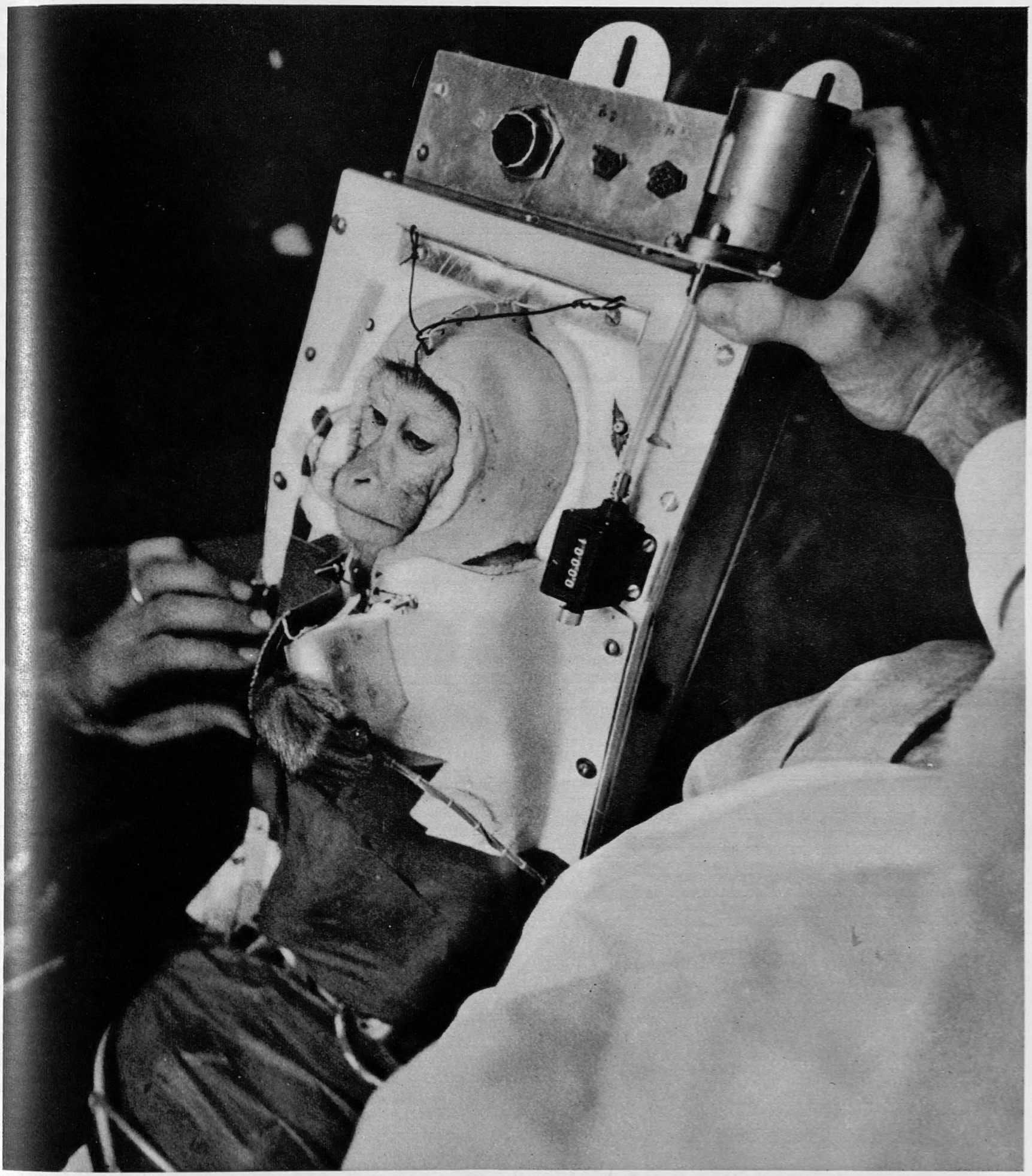


MONKEYS RETURN FROM SPACE—TRAINING "ABLE" FOR HER FLIGHT: A 7-lb. female Rhesus monkey, Able, is fitted into her fibre-glass couch during preparations for her space flight. She was accompanied by Baker, a much smaller squirrel monkey. They wore space suits and were placed in the nose cone of a ballistic missile; fired 300 miles up into the atmosphere during a journey of 1,500 miles from Cape Canaveral, in Florida. Both monkeys were recovered, apparently unharmed.

The recovery of two small female monkeys from the South Atlantic after they had flown some 1,500 miles in a quarter of an hour, marked another step forward in the United States programme to put a man into space. Able, the Rhesus monkey, which has a reputation for unfriendliness, and Baker, the much smaller and much more affectionate squirrel monkey, attended a Press Conference a few days later and showed by their liveliness that they were suffering no apparent ill effects. During the flight, in which they were strapped in a capsule in the nose cone of a Jupiter missile, they were subjected to gravity stresses much greater than any human travellers will have to sustain during space flight. This was because the Jupiter was an ordinary ballistic missile not designed to carry animate beings. Shortly after take-off, Able and Baker were subjected to 15G (in other words, their weight was multiplied 15 times); the maximum calculated for human beings is 12G. Although, in order to carry men, missiles will have to be larger and more complex, the monkeys' flight shows the strides that the Americans have made. (Further pictures on pages 346-347.)

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

THE OPENING OF THE CITY OF LONDON'S NEW THEATRE: Sir Harold Gillett, the Lord Mayor, speaks from the stage of the Mermaid Theatre, in Puddle Dock, at a ceremony before the first night of *Lock Up Your Daughters*, a new musical. On his left, four-year-old Caroline, daughter of Jack Hawkins, the actor, is being held by Mr. Bernard Miles, who shares the post of artistic director of the theatre with his wife.

THE " MERMAID " COMES ASHORE: Caroline Hawkins, dressed as a mermaid, is carried over the landing steps by Mr. Edwin Phelps, a winner of Doggett's Coat and Badge, escorted by other holders of the award. She had been rowed to Puddle Dock by sea cadets. On arrival she was met by the Lord Mayor, who duly certified her as a proper mermaid, complete with a tail and a golden crown. Caroline's tail was then removed as a sign that she must henceforth be confined to land. In his speech from the stage the Lord Mayor wished Mr. and Mrs. Miles lasting success for their " wonderful concept."

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

John Foster Dulles—

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes.

It is not mere courtesy nor the acknowledgement that death is the master of all humanity that unites a discordant world when a man of the calibre of Mr. Dulles (whose policies aroused the most wide and bitter criticism) dies. Rather, it is a universal acknowledgement that a good man is greater than his actions, that it is not what such a man does but what he was that gains him the respect of human beings. It is not usually until a man is dead that that comforting truth is rediscovered. When we examine the most colourful and best remembered historical figures in our own island history alone, we observe that many of them were not in character or ability of the calibre of Dulles, and often enough we are astonished by the meagre harvest of our memories of what they *achieved*. That would certainly be true of Fox and might even be applied to Palmerston, Gladstone and Disraeli. But the characters of all these men, with their faults and failings, are graven on human memory, even as we vaguely accept that Fox's policies all his life were negative and opposing, that Palmerston was a patriot-gambler and that even Gladstone and Disraeli spent much of their force in party political bickering. What did they *do* that *lasted*? We remember Fox for his ugly, swarthy face and paunch and his gambling propensities, Palmerston for his dyed whiskers, "Dizzy" for his velvet collars and chains, the G.O.M. for his fire and fury and vitality. The good they did is interred too often with their bones and, most of all, in the field of politics or religion where yesterday's controversies are dry-as-dust and dead donkeys. But painters, authors and musicians and such happy craftsmen can live on in their tangible works and with them the work is greater and better remembered than the man. Dulles, then, will be remembered as a man, and a great and good man, long after what he did or tried to do is forgotten in the ever-changing shift of international politics; and the heavens themselves rightly blazed forth his death. *Omnes eodem cogimur.* It is not odd that humanity is more interested in character than controversy, in men than in policy.

Flying-Saucers and Sauce—

" Truth is stranger than fiction but Louis de Rougemont is stranger than both." So we said, when I was young and Louis de Rougemont was publishing his amazing journeys on the backs of giant tortoises, and what not. But since his day, science has confirmed the practicability of a vast number of matters classed as moonshine at the dawn of this century, and the claims of George Adamski to have often visited the nearest planets on his single-seater flying-saucer are not to be dismissed as contemptuously as de Rougemont's wonderful journeys. After all, Jules Verne, once a fiction writer, is now esteemed as a science pioneer and prophet. The Dutch Royal Family appear to have recognised this truth and hedged before rejecting Adamski as another de Rougemont. After all, if not Adamski, someone living to-day will probably achieve what he claims to have done. So they listened to him. He said that Prince Philip may " hear him on this matter " also, but " the Palace spokesman " has denied it. Prince Philip is deeply interested in scientific progress and no one could call him inelastic or ill-equipped by nature or training to swallow the latest marvels of science. But I think perhaps he is wise to ca' canny until some other pioneer has found Adamski's footprints on the sands of Mars or the moon. I don't think there is any great hurry. A year or two hence, no doubt, Adamski will be one of a crowd, and then he can claim and prove his pioneer's medal.

D.N.B.—More than once I have pondered and expressed my views on the *Dictionary of National Biography*, that internationally unique record of the worthies or notables of a nation from A to Z and from the dawn of its history to the present day. Of course, a large percentage of the articles are out of date, rendered partial or misleading by the discoveries of science, archæology and historical researchers among archives unknown or unavailable to the authors of the monographs. The costs of a root-and-branch revision, the time it would take, the labours involved, all these are matters which no one to-day can possibly estimate in advance. It is a little more reasonable to consider amendments to the present policy of the highly-skilled editorial staff. Supplementary volumes, since this century began, have been planned and issued to cover ten-year periods, and the latest volume (1941-50) has now appeared, rather overdue on schedule. The truth is that printing and production difficulties for ever increase and costs for ever rise. The best writers available to deal with each subject are chosen and usually have accepted, and probably always will accept, penny-a-line payment for the honour of contributing to so important a record. But a danger in the policy of supplementals is clearly seen in recent issues. The articles are written far too soon after the chosen subject's death. The truths of history are very slowly extracted from the well of time. Archives of vital importance are often not disclosed for fifty years, and there are many instances of notices of contemporary worthies which have been written and published in *D.N.B.* before the official or political biographies could be cited as authorities. But the new supplement is worthy of its predecessors. Mr. Wickham Legg and Mr. E. T. Williams and the staff have done a wonderful job in their choice of subjects and chroniclers. If the harvest of death in this decade was bumper, the most valuable sheaves have been garnered and stored away as efficiently as possible.

TO OUR READERS

There is, at the moment, a dispute in the printing industry which involves all newspapers and magazines, printed in Great Britain, other than national daily and Sunday newspapers and London evening newspapers. In common, therefore, with many others " The Sphere " is involved in this dispute. It is not unlikely that this and subsequent issues of " The Sphere " may be delayed in reaching the public. Every endeavour is being made to avoid this, but we must ask our readers' indulgence should lateness of delivery occur.

Costs Refused—

On the same day that Peterborough of the *Daily Telegraph* made a graceful apology for an unintentional reflection on a court of law, *The Times* published a letter on the same theme, stressing the point that refusal of costs against the Police in a case where the jury pronounces for innocence of the accused implies that it costs more to prove one's innocence than to plead one's guilt. The case in question was heard at the London Sessions. This suggests that there is no liaison between great newspapers, or perhaps merely that *tot hommes, quot sententiae*, which is a good sign that newspaper opinion is not mass-produced even among political allies. No doubt a jury is the sole judge of facts and many a judge in his summing-up reminds his jury of that truth, and even if his summing-up is not too favourable to the accused, he bows to their decision on facts, as he must. But the judge is responsible for the sentence after the verdict, and whether the jury's verdict be acquittal or conviction, the judge must often reflect his own opinion of justice in deciding on sentence, fines or allocation of costs. There can be no reflection on a judge who in a case of conviction assesses the measure of punishment on the facts, for that is his bare duty, and it is surely no reflection when he assesses the measure of penalty against the prosecutor in a case of acquittal. For if a jury is the judge of fact, a judge is the judge of the equity of retribution; and usually a good judge, too.

Age at the Wheel—

" Judge of my horror " and sudden realisation of the advance of old age, when a gentlemanly representative of my highly-reputed insurance company asked to call upon me on a private matter and disclosed that he had been sent to " vet " me, to report whether I was now too senile to be a reasonable risk as a driver or only safe to be covered against third party risks. He told me his company usually made this " snoop " when their clients had reached seventy. I consulted several

FIELDING TRANSFORMED INTO A MUSICAL—THE FIRST PRESENTATION AT THE MERMAID THEATRE: *Lock Up Your Daughters* has been adapted from Henry Fielding's *Rape Upon Rape*. Fourth from the left is Hilaret (Stephanie Voss). In the centre at the bottom of the steps is Ramble (Frederick Jaeger), and right centre Mrs. Squeezum (Hy Hazell) stands over Justice Squeezum (Richard Wordsworth). The adaptation of the play for the Mermaid Theatre was made by Mr. Bernard Miles, and Laurie Johnson has written the music.

contemporaries and none of them had been visited. I was the more pained by this attention because I regard myself as the company's ideal client. For forty years I have paid their high premiums for car- and house-comprehensive insurance and during all that time have never claimed from them a shilling for a mudguard-scratch or a singed hearthrug. I read the other day of a man of ninety-one who received a mild fine for careless driving and told the court he hoped to go on driving. Among my close neighbours are at least three octogenarians who are for ever on the road and, night or day, miss no lighted candle or cocktail party. The odd thing is, the authorities who issue driving licences never make these impertinent inquiries. They are perfectly content (for three-year periods) with my frank admission that I have "come of age," am "over twenty-one." This insult to a "mere boy" among the age-groups admitted to be safest on the road (for the reason that they accept the folly of speed and know that a steady pace and a maximum of 50 m.p.h. gets you there usually as quickly as the sports car idiot) has shocked and puzzled me. There seems to be so much divergence of view between authorities and insurance companies, and between one company and another as to what is the dangerous age and what tests should be applied to those who reach it.

As Old as You Make It—My recent comment that Sir Winston was getting to be an old man resulted in a reminder from Sir Harry Brittain that he could give Sir Winston nine months and that he is soon to achieve a rare distinction—to open the "golden wedding" of a project he had himself brought about—the Empire (now Commonwealth) Press Union, which in fifty years has had only two Presidents, Lords Burnham and Astor. The list of the projects which in his life he has initiated or constantly backed all over the globe is too long and staggering to record. Enough to say that in his eighty-sixth year he is fond of a swim in cold water, is still a keen golfer and has probably eaten more public dinners and listened to or made more after-dinner speeches than any living man. A man who can survive the last of these tests can safely risk at eighty-six the cold plunge and the eighteen holes. But physically, certainly, he can give Sir Winston nine months and a beating. No doubt it is self-conscious and defeatist for men in the mid-seventies to hint at old age. The list of octogenarians in recent times who have been, or still are, thinking, working and planning ahead is too long to list. Men and women such as Lords Goddard and Russell, Lady Astor or the late Ethel Smyth are types which instantly bring to mind scores more who prove to be "as old as they make it," and, as I have noted, the roads of Britain are not made much more dangerous by nonagenarians who (somehow or other) are entitled to drive on them. Parliament, it seems, is the most dangerous trade for the work of the locust. M.P.s in their forties and fifties are falling like autumn leaves, and old boys in their early seventies who intend to fight on are regarded as veterans and prodigies, such as Mr. Shinwell and Mr. Morrison. Certainly the Socialists are much the most elderly party. They have at present more than 100 members nearing or past the dangerous age of seventy. But who dares call it a dangerous age? The men and women who crack in all professions are those who pull out their birth certificates and take them seriously or believe that vital statistics cannot lie. It is high time for septuagenarians to oil their old cricket bats and keep the game alive on village greens for another decade, for the young entry is slow to come forward.

Smoking Among Children—It seems that in England and Scotland cigarette-smoking is common and ever growing among schoolchildren. Even in primary schools the habit is common enough among children of nine years of age. Where questionnaires have been put to groups of children, the answers have shown that the habit is common enough before teen-age and that sometimes "dad" supplies the cigarettes. For my part in my country walks abroad I have never seen a child under fourteen smoking, and the generous and constant holidays which State-educated children enjoy give me plenty of opportunities to note such practices. Even in public schools, the boys do not seem to be in the least alarmed by B.M.A. warning pamphlets, and the attitude of headmasters towards smoking has undergone remarkable modification in the past decade. Their policies may vary, but toleration for what so short a time ago was a deadly sin grows apace. One Roman Catholic school in Belfast instituted a club smoking-room for boys of fourteen or over, with parents' permission. It had the effect of turning the users into a dwindling rabble of pariahs. Smoking went "out." At Ampleforth sixth-formers have been allowed to smoke in their rooms for thirty years. Eton and Harrow and other leading public schools have not yet bowed to the demands of youth. Smoking in term is still a punishable offence. If tobacconists all made it clear by notice that children under sixteen were not to be served with tobacco, there would still remain loopholes in plenty, not least slot-machines and age exaggeration. Some schoolmasters urge their boys to start the habit with a pipe. I think if I were a headmaster, faced with a serious and general wave of smoking in my school, I should invite all the known addicts to tea in my study in turn and compel each to light up and finish a cheap, green and very strong cigar, selecting by sleight of hand a mild Havana for myself.

A NEW HOSPITAL WING WITH A FAMOUS NAME: Lady Churchill feels the water to test its temperature in the hydro-therapy pool in the Winston Churchill wing of St. Mary's Hospital, in Paddington, London. She had performed the opening ceremony for the wing. The pool is used for treatment of paralysis.

General Assembly in Edinburgh—I think Mr. Butler preached to the converted when he addressed the Assembly on "Delinquency in the midst of plenty," as he concluded his remarks on a problem which clearly weighs him down with anxiety, with the sentence: "Our ills cannot be cured by wealth, power or government authority. We must call in the old-world standards of honesty and decency and a God-fearing life." Earlier in his address, Mr. Butler had stressed the appalling consequences of parental toleration for their children's peccadillos and weak-minded concessions to the demands of the young, so common nowadays in England; and he had frankly admitted that he came to Edinburgh not to preach but to learn, for the tell-tale statistics in his hand revealed that, over twenty years, delinquency figures in Scotland had increased by 55 per cent. against 120 per cent. in England. Where Mr. Butler did begin to preach, his conclusion was indisputable and clearly proved in a large area of Scotland. Where can a man leave his front door unlocked and his car key in place, where can he be sure of Samaritan help in emergency and honest, kindly dealings? In the lonely, sparsely-populated districts of the Highlands where still fathers and children come regularly to kirk, and the older traditions of parental discipline and respect for one's elders and betters still survive. Every time I visit the Highlands, I am knocked over by the difference in the moral atmosphere and the standards of friendliness and good manners in the sparsely-peopled areas.

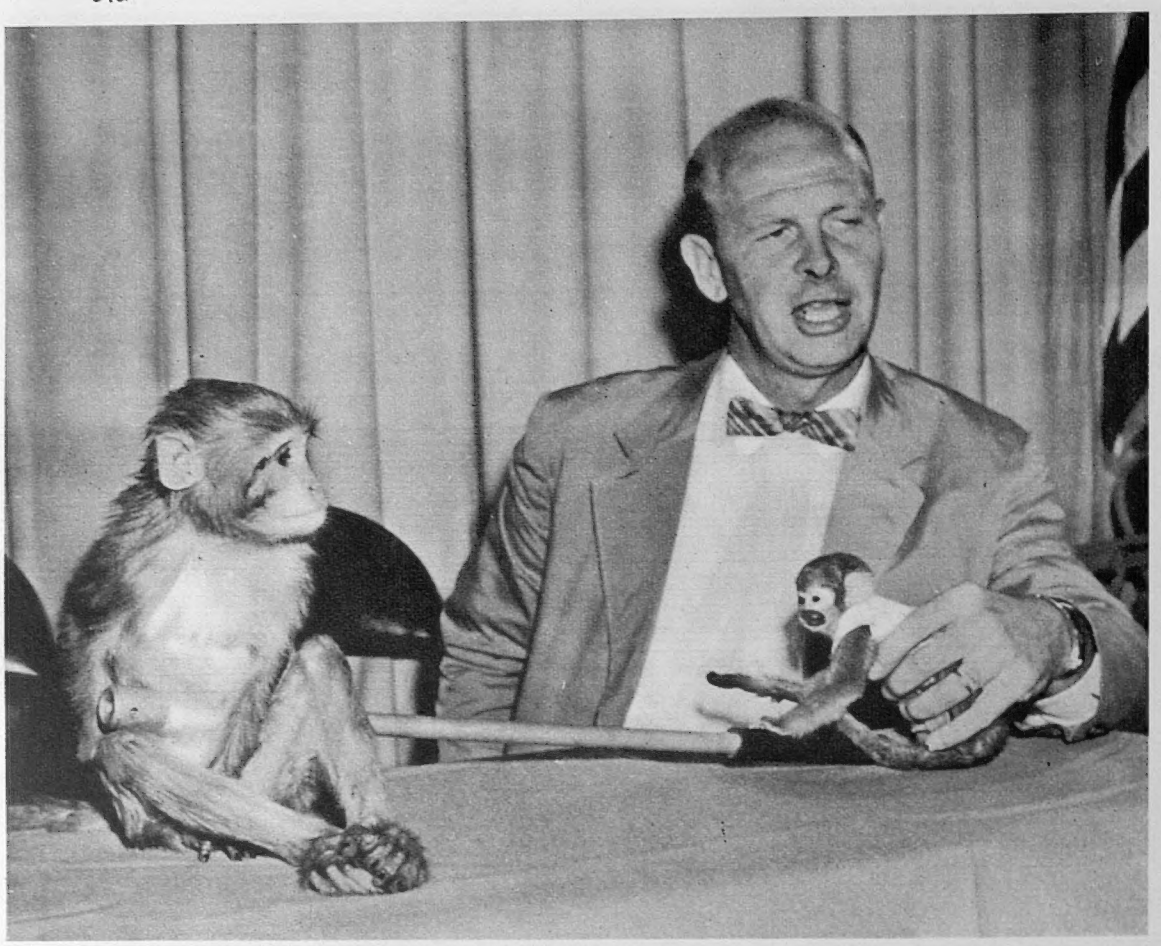
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth (and population) accumulates and men decay.

Press Serialisation and Book Sales—The present fashion for serialising extracts from forthcoming books in Sunday and other newspapers is no doubt a necessary part of the business of turning newspapers into magazines. Both these fashions have their critics. A "magazine" Sunday newspaper is very hard to navigate and, once rumpled, almost impossible to reassemble neatly and in order, for newsprint is often flimsy. As for serialisation in advance of publication, though author and publisher may welcome the distinction, I often think they may lose on the swings of sales and library demand what they may make on advance publicity. How often I have said to myself: "Surely I have read that book?" or decided not to ask for it for the reason that, if sensational, I have already devoured the chief sensations and, if serious and authoritative, I have already been furnished with an expert *précis* for conversational purposes. No doubt, if the book serialised is to be published at over £2, the newspaper does a good service to its readers, for their libraries probably will not stock it and newspaper serialisation is the best chance they have to taste its contents while fresh. In any case the annual glut of new titles makes it quite impossible for a devoted reader to keep abreast of modern thought and literature or indeed to select merit from cheapjack; but on the whole, if I were still writing books and had one on the stocks at 30s. or less, I should to-day hesitate to accept the honour of serialisation.

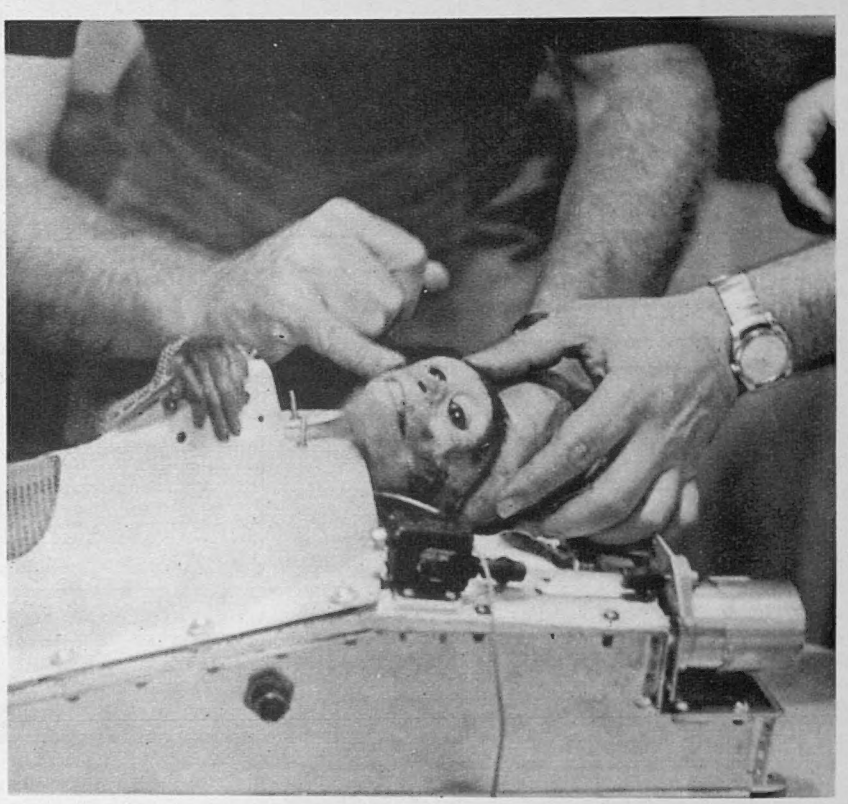
THE OLD STAGER

MONKEYS' TRIP INTO SPACE

Able and Baker are Recovered After Their Flight in an American Missile

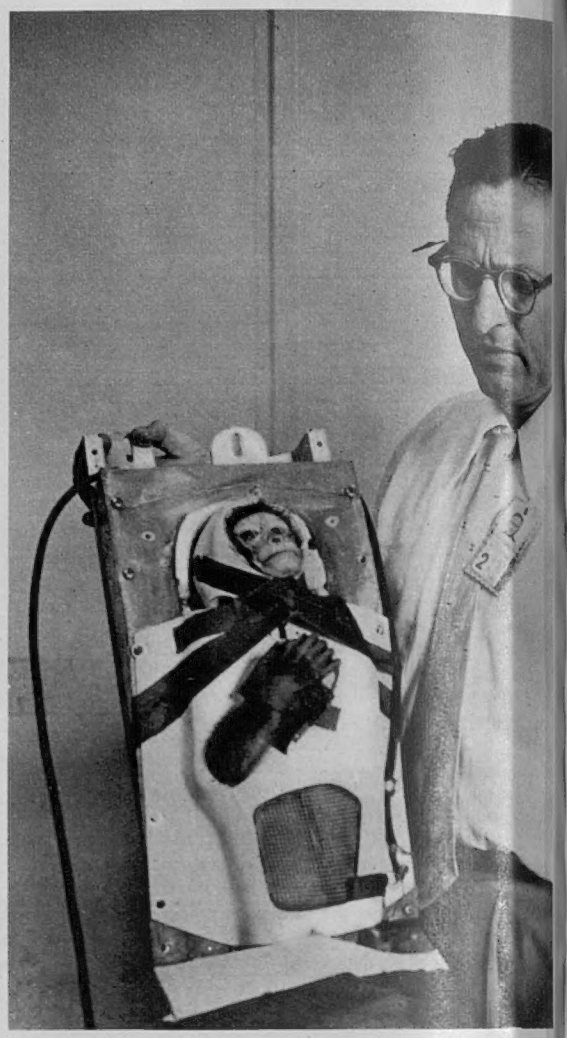


PRESS CONFERENCE: Able, the Rhesus monkey (left), and Baker, the squirrel monkey, held by a U.S. Navy space physiologist, attend a Press Conference in Washington, after their successful flight into space in the nose-cone of a Jupiter ballistic missile. Although subjected to the violent stresses of acceleration and deceleration during a journey of 1,500 miles in 15 minutes, both monkeys showed by their liveliness at the conference that they had suffered no visible ill-effects. During the rest of their lifetimes they will be kept under observation, and after they have died they will be subject to post-mortem examination. Able, since Rhesus monkeys are vicious, is handled with a light aluminium stick.



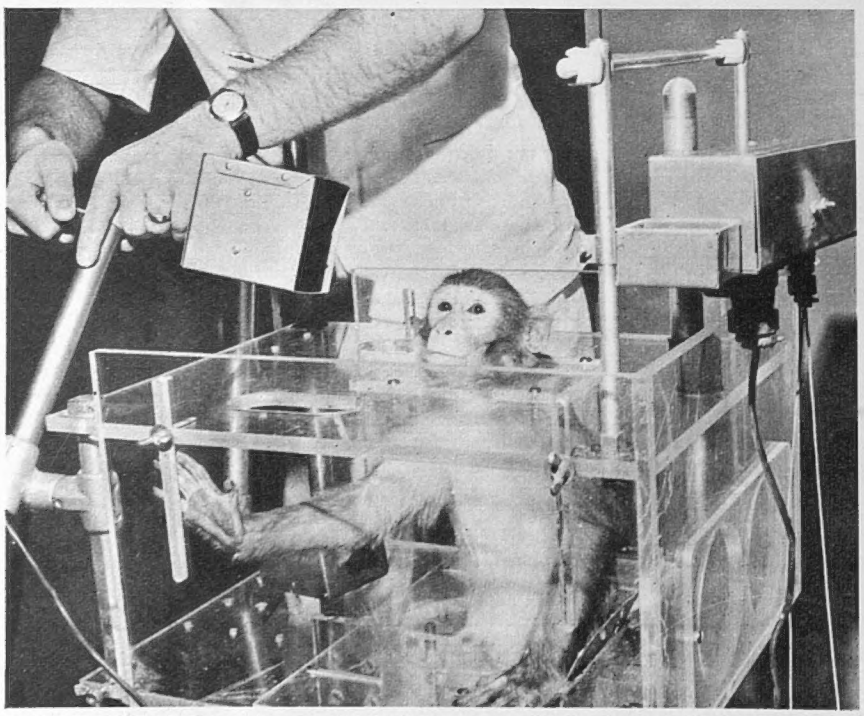
On right—

RETURN FROM SPACE: Able is released from her capsule, designed to support her during flight and fitted with various instruments recording the condition of the monkey and the temperature and humidity. Able lay on a bed of two layers of rubber which was placed in a cylinder lined with glass fibre and rubber for insulation.



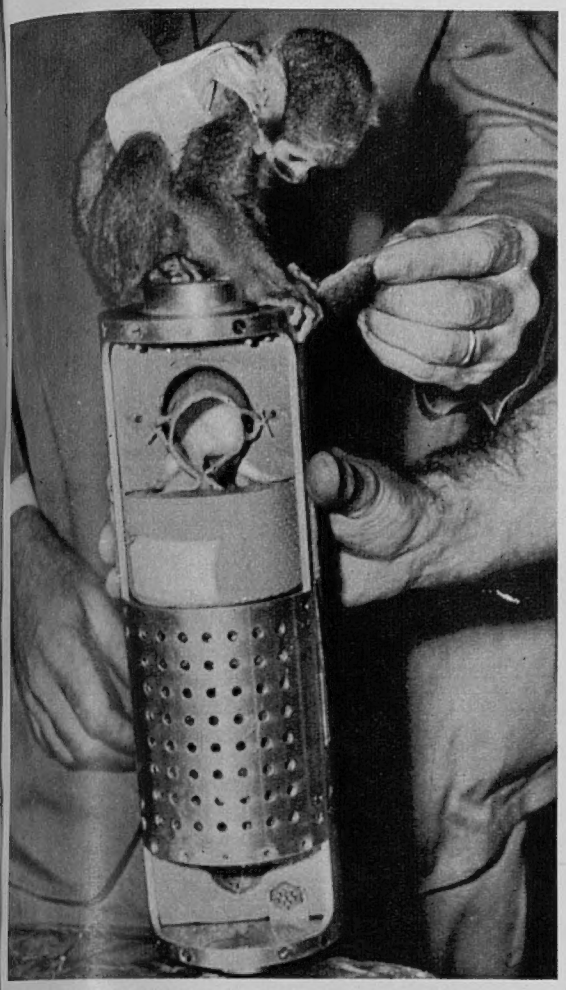
PREPARED FOR SPACE TRAVEL: A Rhesus monkey is fitted into the suit and helmet in which Able travelled in the nose-cone of a Jupiter missile, launched by the U.S. Army.

Strapped in the nose-cone of a Jupiter ballistic missile, two monkeys set off on a flight over the Atlantic from Cape Canaveral, in Florida. During the initial acceleration, the monkeys, named Able and Baker, were subjected to very high gravity stresses. As the Jupiter soared in a long arc up to 300 miles above the earth, Able and Baker spent some minutes in a condition of weightlessness. Then as the missile plunged back to earth, they withstood the violent shocks of deceleration on re-entering the atmosphere and of landing in the water. During this time, information transmitted by the Jupiter showed that the monkeys' heartbeats varied from high during stress and low during weightlessness; the results will go some way to solving how human beings will react under these conditions. The flight demonstrates the possibilities of the very near future—a man in space.



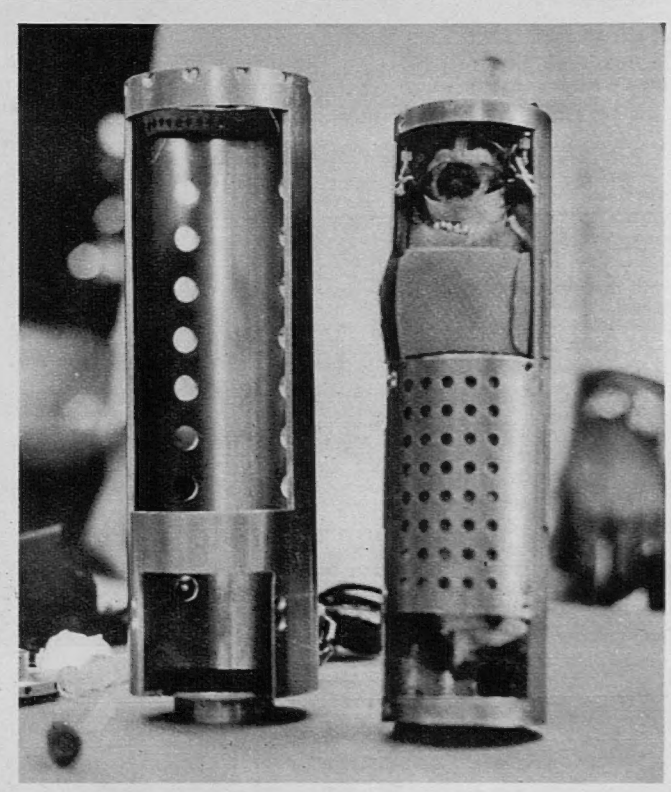
BEING TRAINED: A Rhesus monkey is taught patterns of behaviour. In flight, Able was to push a Morse key when a red light flashed once each second. The experiment was designed to see how the monkey reacted to weightlessness, but no signals were received.

A DRINK FOR THE TRAVELLER: Baker, the 1-lb. squirrel monkey, plunges her head into a beaker of water. It was the first drink she received after the flight. An official spokesman said there was little change in the monkeys' behaviour during the journey.



MONKEY AND CAPSULE: Baker sits on top of the life-support capsule during the Press Conference in Washington. She travelled in the cylinder, 4 ins. in diameter and 12 ins. high, containing devices to provide changes of air.

PRELIMINARY PREPARATIONS: A Rhesus monkey displays its space helmet during a pre-flight test. Besides protecting the monkey, the helmet and suit were designed to allow the connection of instruments to record the monkey's conditions in flight. Microphones and electro - cardiagrams were carried. At the Press Conference, Able bore surgical stitches on her body where electrodes had been placed. Baker wore a tiny sweater-like device, apparently to bandage some of the lesions.

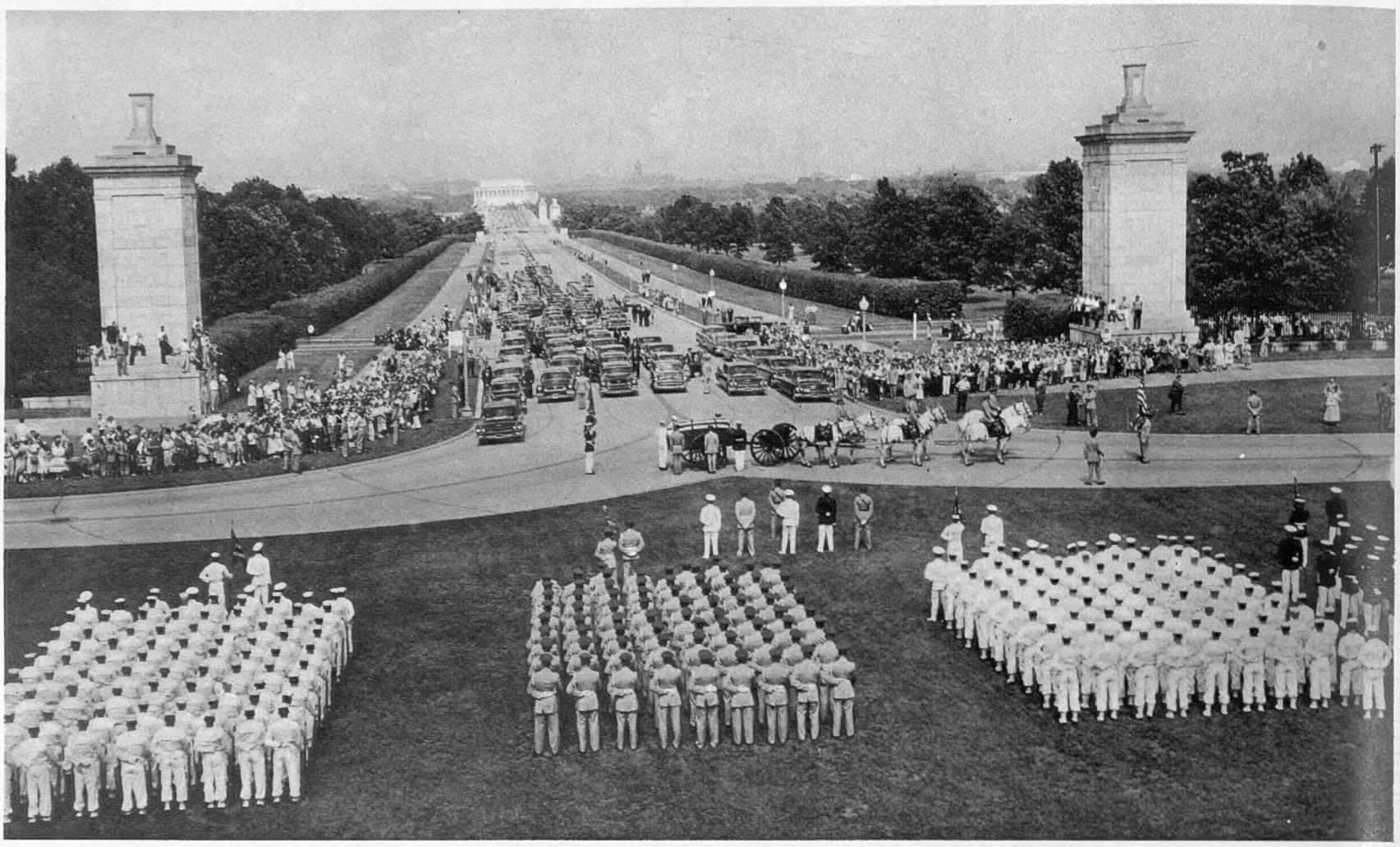


On right—

IN THE CYLINDER: A squirrel monkey is seen in the supporting apparatus in which Baker flew in the Jupiter nose-cone. The animal, cylinder and its life support system weighed 29.5 lb. Human blood was also sent aloft on the same flight to see how it withstood the stresses and the weightlessness; larvæ of fruit flies were exposed to cosmic rays. Many of the experiments were of a biological nature.

ON HER TRAVELLING COMPARTMENT: Able sits on top of the capsule into which she was strapped for the flight. During the journey, Able was stated to have behaved perfectly during acceleration and deceleration, and some minutes of weightlessness.

THE RECOVERY OF THE NOSE-CONE: In the South Atlantic, the nose-cone of the Jupiter is hoisted aboard a U.S. naval recovery ship. Part of the success of the experiment was the accuracy of the launch of the missile: it was reported to have landed within ten miles of the vessel.



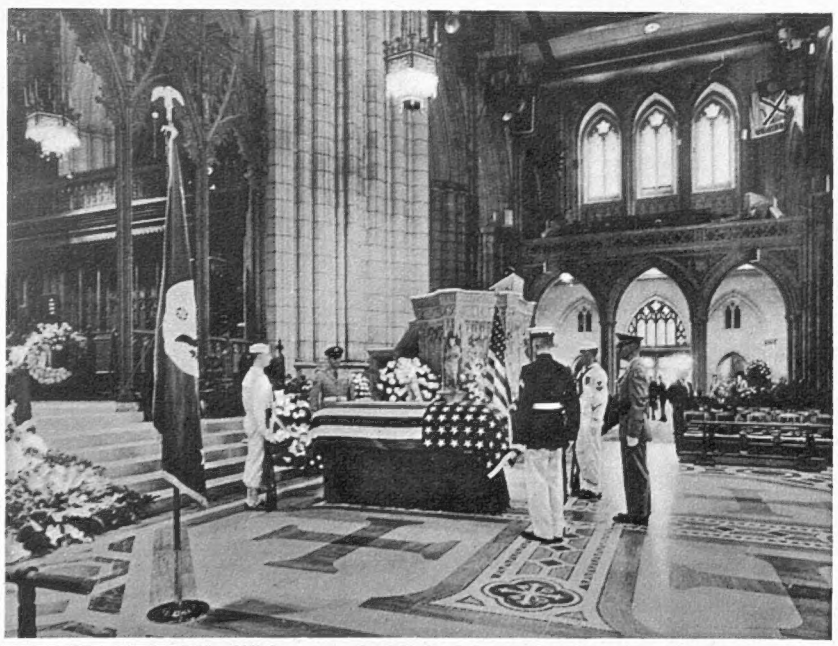
THE FUNERAL OF JOHN FOSTER DULLES : The coffin containing the body of the late Secretary of State is placed on a caisson drawn by six horses at the Arlington National Cemetery. Behind is the cortège in which seventeen nations were represented to pay their last tributes to Mr. Dulles. The white building in the background is the Lincoln Memorial. The funeral service was held in the Washington National Cathedral, which was filled with some 3,000 people. President Eisenhower and his family sat beside Mrs. Dulles and the sons and brother of Mr. Dulles. In the front pew were Mr. Menzies, of Australia, and his wife; Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, representing the Government of Nationalist China; and Dr. Adenauer and his daughter. Behind sat Mr. Hammarskjöld, M. Spaak, the Secretary-General of NATO, and Foreign Ministers and Cabinet Ministers, including Mr. Gromyko, of Russia. The funeral service, which was conducted by a Presbyterian minister, was short and simple. Afterwards at the Arlington National Cemetery there was a burial service with full military honours. The interment was at a later private ceremony.

AFTER THE BURIAL SERVICE: President Eisenhower puts a hand on the shoulder of Mrs. Dulles at the cemetery. On the right is Mrs. Eisenhower.

THE FUNERAL OF MR. DULLES

The Secretary of State is Buried in Arlington National Cemetery

OUTSIDE THE WASHINGTON NATIONAL CATHEDRAL: Mrs. Dulles is helped down the steps by Mr. Joseph N. Greene, Jnr., a special assistant of Mr. Dulles, and her son John. Behind are her daughter, Mrs. Robert Hinshaw, and her other son Avery, a Jesuit priest.



INSIDE THE CATHEDRAL: With a guard of United States Servicemen and covered by the Stars and Stripes, the coffin bearing the body of the late Secretary of State rests in the Great Room of the Washington National Cathedral before the funeral.

A GRAVESIDE CEREMONY: U.S. Servicemen hold the American flag over the coffin as the final blessings are given. Beside Mrs. Dulles and her family and the President and his wife, in the front row of seats, are Mr. Nixon, Vice-President, and his wife.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE QUEEN'S ROYAL VISITOR: King Olav of Norway stands with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh during a dinner party given at Windsor Castle shortly after his arrival on a private visit. Before the party the Queen presented the King with the insignia of a Knight Companion of the Order of the Garter. During his stay in this country King Olav had arranged to visit the Green Howards at Richmond, Yorkshire, to unveil a memorial to King Haakon, a Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment. King Olav is the present Colonel-in-Chief.

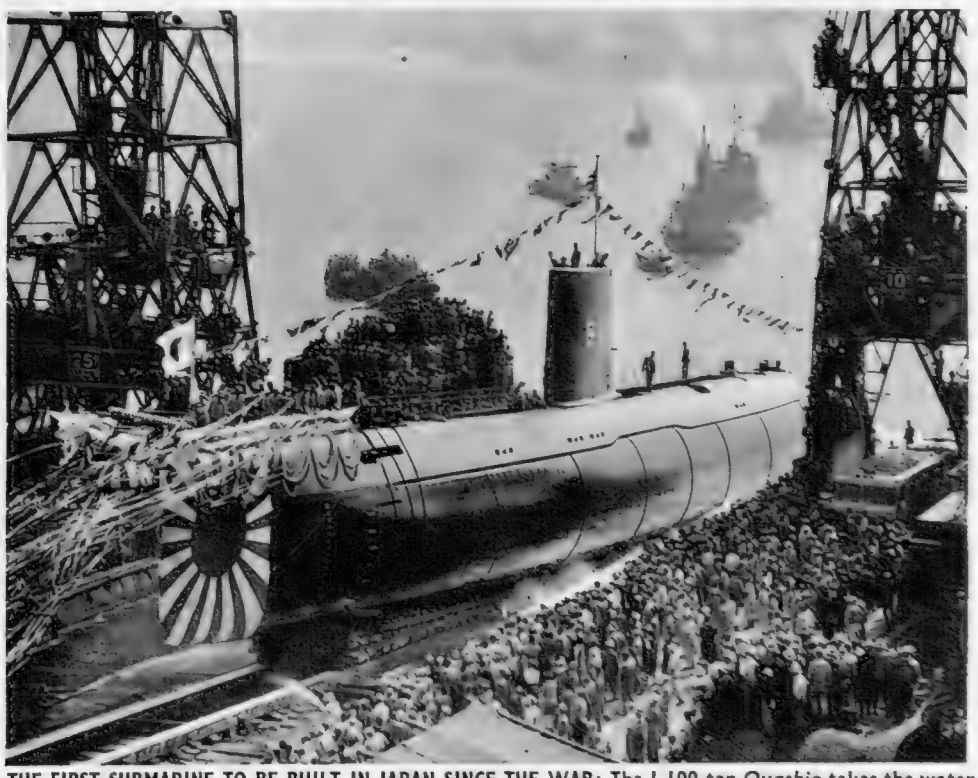
THE PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL OPENS THE BRITISH TRADE FAIR IN LISBON: President Tomas (centre) tours the exhibition after performing the opening ceremony last week. The British Trade Fair, organised by the Federation of British Industries, through its subsidiary company, British Overseas Fairs Ltd., continues until June 14. More than 600 British firms are taking part and the emphasis is on engineering and capital goods. Princess Margaret, who is due to arrive in Portugal this week-end, has arranged to visit the Fair. Speaking at the opening ceremony, President Tomas expressed his gratitude for the co-operation of British industry in his country's £375,000,000 economic development plan. British servicemen took part in the opening ceremony.

A SERMON BY THE POPE : Seated in front of an altar erected under the Arch of Constantine, he reads his address during the Corpus Christi celebrations in Rome.

On left—

CORPUS CHRISTI IS CELEBRATED IN ROME: A general view of the large crowd assembled in front of the Arch of Constantine during the celebrations held in honour of the Holy Eucharist on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday. The service, attended by the Pope, who preached a sermon from a chair under the Arch, was held after a procession through the city. The Pope travelled to the service by car.

A MIDGET SUBMARINE FOR UNDERWATER EXPLORATION: In the harbour at Monte Carlo, a one-man submarine, built by M. Jacques Boissy, is lowered into the water. Designed for underwater exploration, the midget craft is about 8 ft. long and weighs approximately 1,100 lb. On the first trials, it was reported that M. Boissy descended over 300 ft.



THE FIRST SUBMARINE TO BE BUILT IN JAPAN SINCE THE WAR: The 1,100-ton *Oyashio* takes the water during her launching at the Kawasaki shipyards at Kobe. Laid down at the end of 1957, she is expected to be completed early next year. Her cost has been given at £2,718,000. *Oyashio*, with a length of 258½ ft., and powered by diesel engines, will be used as a target ship for anti-submarine exercises. She is the first Japanese submarine to have a Schnorkel breathing tube.

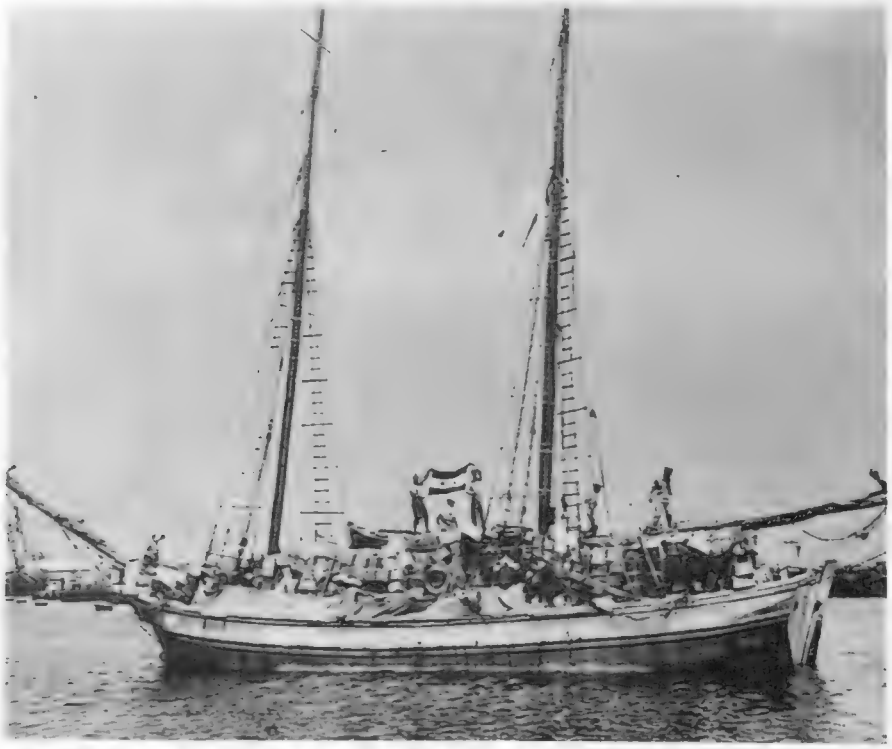
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE FOUR FOREIGN MINISTERS TALK WITH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER: Mr. Selwyn Lloyd speaks with the American President at the White House, Washington. On the right is Mr. Gromyko, and on the left Mr. Herter and M. Couve de Murville. The private meeting with the President, on the day following the funeral of Mr. Dulles, lasted twenty minutes. Mr. Gromyko, acting as spokesman for the Ministers, described the conversation as "pleasant and useful." Afterwards, with twenty other foreign political figures in Washington for the funeral, they had lunch with the President. The four Foreign Ministers then returned to Geneva in Mr. Herter's special aeroplane. On the way there were talks, again said to be useful. There were optimistic reports from Geneva that an interim arrangement for Berlin could be negotiated.

On right—

VICTORY FOR THE SINGAPORE LEFT-WING PARTY: Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, asked to be the first Prime Minister of Singapore, emphasises a point during an electioneering speech. His party, the People's Action Party, won 43 of the 51 seats in the new Legislative Assembly in the elections at the end of last week. Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, a lawyer, repeated that his party would not form a Government unless eight members of the party, detained after riots in 1956 as subversives, were released. The People's Action Party also stated that it did not "propose to be, or even appear to be, the handmaid of the Communist Party."

CANDIDATES IN THE SINGAPORE ELECTIONS: From the left are Madame Fung Yin Ching, a social worker; Madame Her Pei Choo, a tailoress; and Mr. S. Rajaretnam, a former journalist. All are members of the victorious Left-Wing People's Action Party, which polled about 282,000 votes out of the 525,000 which were cast.



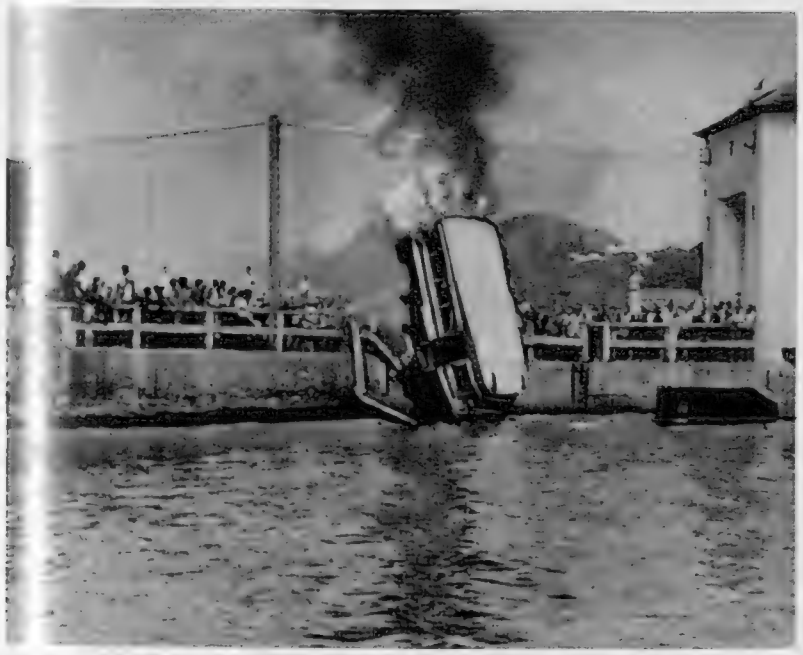
TENSION BETWEEN ISRAEL AND EGYPT: A small Egyptian cargo-boat is anchored in the Israeli port of Haifa, with Israeli police officials on board. Members of the crew amidships display the flag of the United Arab Republic. It was announced by Israeli Army authorities that the craft was found in the territorial waters of Israel and taken into custody. According to reports from the same country, the United States had recommended Egypt to allow a cargo ship, *Inger Toft*, carrying an Israeli cargo, to pass through the Suez Canal. Registered in Denmark, the vessel was detained at Port Said. Later reports said a war prize committee had ordered the seizure of the cargo.

THE ALGERIAN NATIONALISTS' LEADER IN JORDAN: The F.L.N. leader, Ferhat Abbas (left), signs the visitors' book on arrival at the Royal Palace in Amman. On the right is the Jordanian Premier, Hazza Majali. As a gesture of support of the F.L.N., it was stated that King Hussein and members of his Government had given one month's salary to the organisation. There were reports from Geneva that F.L.N. negotiators had said that Ferhat Abbas would be willing to go to Paris to meet President de Gaulle, with the provision that the preliminary talks were held on neutral soil.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE DEVLIN COMMISSION IN NYASALAND: Dr. Hastings Banda, President of the Nyasaland African National Congress, poses for a photographer before entering the building in Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia, to appear at a meeting of the Commission. According to two members of the Commission, Sir John Ure Primrose and Mr. E. T. Williams, many hundreds of people had been interviewed during investigations of the riots in the Protectorate. The two members, on their return by air to London, said they expected the inquiry to be completed by July. With the return of the other two members, Sir Percy Wyn-Harris, and Mr. Justice Devlin, the Chairman, the inquiry would be continued in London.

CROWDS IN BULAWAYO: Outside the Government building many Africans wait to greet Dr. Hastings Banda, after he had given evidence before the Devlin Commission. Sir John Ure Primrose said that they saw the President of the Nyasaland African National Congress " for a fairly long session." The Commission, while in Bulawayo, saw many senior detainees, brought to the city from detention camps.



RI ING IN A SUBURB OF RIO DE JANEIRO: A burning bus is pushed off the quay into the bay at Niteroi, in Brazil. The riot, which lasted for three hours, began when passengers, arriving at a ferryboat station to go to work in Rio de Janeiro, found that the boats were not running because of a strike. The ferry station was burnt and vicious fighting spread throughout Niteroi. Marines, called in to help the police, opened fire on the mob, and one person was killed and many others injured.

On left—

PASSENGERS SET FIRE TO A FERRYBOAT STATION: Dense clouds of smoke rise from the station at Niteroi, set alight by the rioters. The slips and two boats were also set on fire and much pillaging went on. The house of the owner of the ferryboat station was entered and valuable pictures and other articles stolen. About 18,000 people, who regularly travel to work in Rio de Janeiro, were affected by the strike. Ferryboat employees called the strike in protest against the failure of the Government subsidised boat-owners to give full pay increases awarded about a month ago.

VISITING THE FORTRESS OF QUEMOY: General I. D. White, Commander-in-Chief of U.S. ground forces in the Pacific, inspects Chinese troops in the Kinnen fortress on the offshore island. From left are Major-General L. L. Doan, Chief of the Military Assistance Advisory Group (Taiwan), and General Peng Meng-Chi (C.-in-C. of the Chinese Nationalist Army). General White visited Quemoy to confer with American and Chinese military commanders in the area. At the same time there were reports of renewed bombardments of Matsu, to the north of Quemoy; three people were killed and eight wounded during a sudden 90-minute barrage. Some American authorities were understood to believe that the barrage might have a connection with the Geneva Foreign Ministers' Conference. In recent months the shelling of Quemoy had been merely sporadic and had only a nuisance value.

FRENCH PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION: General de Gaulle shakes the hand of the Algerian Mayor of Mascara and French Deputy, Mohamed Ben Seedik, during a reception held at the President's residence for Parliamentary members. Left is Madame de Gaulle. It was stated that the Algerian members had received a particularly warm welcome.

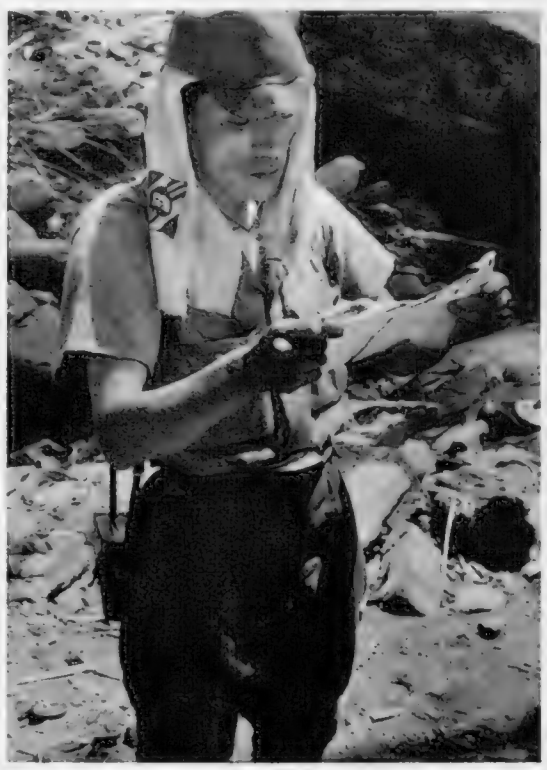
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

PRESIDENT TITO'S SIXTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY: He is formally presented with the good wishes of the people of Yugoslavia by an eighteen-year-old girl from Slovenia before a vast crowd in the stadium in Belgrade. The ceremony took place on the day on which Mr. Khrushchev arrived in Albania. The Yugoslavs prepared to watch events over the border with great interest and some anxiety. While Mr. Khrushchev was making speeches in several Albanian centres, President Tito went on a cruise in a naval yacht down the Danube to Kladovo. Some observers interpreted this as a gesture of nonchalance and lack of interest regarding events in Albania on the part of the President. But in spite of Yugoslav denials that no meeting was contemplated between President Tito and Mr. Khrushchev, the possibility of secret Yugoslav-Russian conversations—perhaps on the Albanian-Yugoslav frontier—was not ruled out.

MR. KHRUSHCHEV IN ALBANIA: The Russian Premier sits in the right foreground. Third down the Soviet side of the table is Marshal Malinovsky, the Russian Defence Minister. Opposite Mr. Khrushchev is Mr. Enver Hodja, the Secretary-General of the Albanian Communist Party, and next to him is Mr. Shehu, the Albanian Prime Minister. There was great speculation about the reasons for Mr. Khrushchev's twelve-day stay in Albania, especially when the Chinese Defence Minister, Marshal Peng Teh-huai, arrived in Tirana. In his early speeches Mr. Khrushchev concerned himself largely with discussing Western proposals to install rocket bases in Italy and Greece. If this were done, he threatened to retaliate by placing similar bases in Albania.

On right—

STILL FIGHTING IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR: Carrying a flag of the Rising Sun and wearing Japanese World War II army uniform, one of the Japanese searchers is accompanied into the jungle on Lubang Island by Philippine policemen. They are looking for two Japanese soldiers, Lieutenant Onoda and Sergeant Kozuka, who have held out in the jungle for fourteen years in the belief that Japan is still at war. Three Japanese, who fought on Lubang Island in the same regiment as the two men during the war, are leading the hunt organised by the Philippine police. It is believed that a villager who was shot recently was a victim of the two soldiers.



On left—

IN JAPANESE UNIFORM: One of the three ex-soldiers reads a letter sent by Japanese schoolchildren begging the two stragglers to come home. The letter will be put in one of the jungle post-boxes in the hope that it will persuade the two men to surrender. Letters from the men's families will also be left. Loudspeakers have been set up in the jungle to broadcast popular Japanese songs to make the men homesick. The Japanese searchers are in uniform to stop the stragglers shooting them.

"DEADLINE DAY" IN BERLIN: A convoy of American Army lorries comes up to a checkpoint into West Berlin, having travelled up the autobahn from West Germany. The flag is at half-mast in right background for Mr. Dulles' funeral. No incidents were reported from Berlin on May 27, the date set by Mr. Khrushchev as his Berlin "deadline."

ON THE EAST-WEST FRONTIER: Three West Berlin girls lean on the barrier dividing the city, watched by two East Berlin policemen. This is another picture taken in Berlin on May 27. In the Olympic Stadium, in the Western sector, a British Combined Services XI played cricket against an Australian XI.

World Affairs

PATTERN OF A BROKEN CULTURE

By JOHN CONNELL

FROM time to time I find myself addressing large gatherings of sixth-formers—boys and girls from grammar schools and independent schools up and down the country—on an aspect of international affairs of which I am deemed to have some knowledge. One of these appointments is looming in the next week or two. I enjoy them greatly and I invariably learn a good deal myself. The questions from the audience are many and pertinent; the young are clearly eager to find out as much as they can for themselves about the world into which they are growing up. Talks and discussions such as these, I assure myself, are part of the broadening pattern of modern education.

Yes, but what—not only in the United Kingdom, but generally throughout what we still (a little too complacently) regard as the civilised world—*is* the contemporary pattern of education? What are children in the Western world being educated for? What kind of people are they being encouraged to become? I spent nine years as a member of the greatest local education authority in the world—a phrase which rolled frequently and proudly off our lips and typewriters—without ever finding a satisfactory answer to either of these two questions.

A vast proportion of the world's population is still illiterate—yet, of these, great numbers, especially in Asia, have not been totally uneducated, in the sense that they have shared, and have been capable of expressing themselves within, a comprehensive, unified pattern of culture. An Indian village headman, for example (and India is immemorially a land of villages), was not and is not uneducated because he cannot read or write. But he and millions of others, all over the world, are being rapidly and relentlessly torn up from their moral and cultural roots by the bulldozer of technical and scientific advancement. Their simple, all-pervading, unifying culture is broken down, and what guiding lights can their sons or grandsons learn to live by? If education, in the deepest sense, cannot supply those guiding lights, what good is education?

This question applies as sharply, in my view, to my bright and well-mannered sixth-formers as to an Indian peasant. In his Rede Lecture at Cambridge this year Sir Charles Snow drew attention, as forcefully as he could, to what he regards as the two fundamental issues of our time: first the fact that in the world at large the poorer countries are getting poorer and poorer and the richer countries are getting richer and richer; second, the fact that in our own country, the two cultures, the scientific and the non-scientific, are falling farther and farther apart.

At present, in terms of statistics, Sir Charles' first assertion is probably right and I shall not be so rash as to contradict it. But surely all the long-term historical evidence would indicate that this is a phase which will pass; communities and nations, like individuals, cannot hoard increasing wealth. If it is to remain wealth at all they must distribute it and share it, and it then converts itself, elsewhere and in others' hands, into new wealth. These are seldom painless processes, but they are the processes of life itself; and they are going on now, in China, for example, and throughout large parts of South-East Asia and of Africa.

It is my contention—and my fear—that, bitter as are the current squabbles between the haves and the have-nots among nations, these will pass (unless we all blow ourselves to pieces over them), and human society as a whole will rapidly and increasingly satisfy its material wants, and will as rapidly degenerate into a mechanised barbarism. Among the "have" nations there are too many grim signs that this is happening already.

And on this Sir Charles Snow's second proposition is valid and timely, but it needs scrupulous examination. Are we not witnessing (and—no ivory tower nonsense—dragged by the scruff of our necks to take part in) several interactive and simultaneous processes, all of which are disquieting? First there is the near-universality of literacy of a kind which is embossed, as it were, on a hard, glossy surface of material satisfaction—refrigerators, television, artificial textiles, mass-communications, mass-entertainment—quite undreamed of fifty years ago. The intellectual apparatus of this part of society is minimal, and it obviously admits fewer and fewer stable moral sanctions. Its values are those of the new rich at any time—arrogantly asserted, vulgar and stupid. Its danger is that it is not a minority, which can be absorbed and educated, but a very large majority.

Next there is the emergence of a small, self-conscious, scientifically-educated élite, the members of which comprehend the magnitude of the revolution which is being accomplished in their own field of knowledge. For various reasons, which are rooted (I suspect) in the social history of Europe as a whole, the scientific culture of which they form part has grown up virtually isolated from the older culture with its Christian and humanist outlook and standards.

This is especially true of England and France, less true of Scotland, and of North America beyond the universities and colleges of the Atlantic seaboard. The educational system of Germany has passed through such drastic and terrible vicissitudes in the past twenty-five years—it is sobering to realise that it was in the most highly-educated nation in Europe that the lout, the embodiment of mechanised barbarism, with his machine-gun and his gas-chambers, came nearest to triumph—that it is hard to judge its contemporary products, but of the ardent desire to rebuild a pattern of culture there can be no doubt.

Finally there is another minority, which is on the defensive, consisting of the representatives of a non-scientific culture, among whom inevitably I count myself and most of the men and women of my age, educated according to the accepted pattern of our youth. In many countries this minority has, for decades, taken it for granted that it supplies social, political, administrative and cultural leadership. This bland assumption is now being strenuously challenged. The mandarins are being prodded to move over and move out; they have had the best rooms and the best jobs too long, say the prodders. Their culture is a big, elaborate snare; and their values and their disciplines (about which they go on so) are archaic and inapplicable.

ELLIOTT SCHOOL, PUTNEY: Behind the low workshops is the main teaching block. The L.C.C. comprehensive school has 2,000 boys and girls. Everything is taught, from cookery to the classics, and Russian. Since the war, twenty-eight new secondary schools (eighteen comprehensive) have been built in London, and fourteen more are going up.

The pressure to replace the Greats man, the man with the general humanist and classical education and background, by the scientifically-educated specialist or "expert," the physicist or the bio-chemist, is urgent. On one side the fuddy-duddies and the stuffed-shirts; on the other the new men of the new scientific age, trained to think and to act in terms of the sciences which are creating and moulding our modern world. Resentments are bred; misunderstandings and jealousies abound. Yet this is a false and dangerous antithesis, and it is a grievous manifestation of that failure to answer the basic question, "What is our education for?" which some of us, such as myself, have asked again and again in recent years.

The one overriding need of modern society is not any new means of communication, but understanding of that which is communicated. If it is true that, as Sir Charles Snow argues, there is this falling apart of our two cultures, the scientific and the non-scientific, may not the cause of it be that, on both sides, the wrong battle is being fought, in the wrong place, at the wrong time? Our society as a whole, and the individuals who compose it, are beginning to lose the capacity, not to communicate, but to understand that which is communicated. As the capacity to understand dwindles, the will to understand is enfeebled. This is an especially dangerous process, because it is stealing upon us unawares, while we are all busy congratulating ourselves on our scientific and technological advancements, and (from time to time) uttering ritual lamentations for the shrinking of classical and humanist knowledge.

Human society does not know where it is going or why, and is less and less inclined to ask. The increase in technological proficiency is no substitute for the adventurous disciplines of speculative inquiry. On this the scientist and the non-scientist would immediately agree. But while we abandon the old disciplines of classical humanism, because they seem inadequate to our present intellectual needs, are we finding any new disciplines—within the framework of a scientific culture—to sustain, strengthen and exercise our minds?

The debate about the relinquishment of compulsory Latin at Oxford and Cambridge goes on; one of the clinching arguments of the anti-Latinists has hitherto been that a modern language, properly taught and properly understood, can supply that structure of mental discipline which all young minds require. The first and most obvious candidate is the child's or the undergraduate's mother-tongue. Very well, in the English-speaking world, let English be the basic, non-scientific subject, taught as Latin used to be taught.

It is a persuasive argument, I suppose; though how you teach a child (for example) what the two words "persuasive" and "argument" really mean, unless he has some grasp and understanding of the language whence they are both derived, I have never been able to see. But as an argument it has lately received a shattering—and by some of us, at least, a not entirely unexpected—blow. A week or two ago there was published in *The Times Educational Supplement* a letter signed by the Chairman of the Faculty of English Language and Literature at the University of Oxford and by the two chief examiners, in the Preliminary and Final Honours School of English Language and Literature, in the same University last year. It was a desolating indictment of the teaching of English, in the schools and in the University itself.

These three eminent authorities, having studied the papers submitted both in the Preliminary and Final Honours School last year, arraigned the following faults: "Pitiably feeble vocabulary," "erratic spelling," and "crude punctuation." As examples of pitiably feeble vocabulary they said that "upset" and "worried" were often the strongest descriptive terms applied to characters of Sophocles, Shakespeare or Racine in their extremes of passion. They attributed these glaring faults, and the more pervasive malady of irrelevance in the use of information, to "long-standing habits of inadequate reading, inadequate in both width and depth." These were the faults not of scientists, but of specialists in English, candidates for an Honours degree.

This shallowness, this inability and increasing reluctance to understand, is not a transient phenomenon, confined to this age-group, this University, this country. It is a world-wide failure in education, in the transmission of culture with understanding. If it is not arrested—and this is no less applicable to the Communist countries than to the so-called free world—the human race may go on communicating, with its elaborate new mechanisms, but it will tend to communicate more and more gibberish, and less and less sense.

ANCHORAGE IN ANTARCTICA: Off one of the British scientific bases in Grahamland, the Royal Research Ship *John Biscoe* is anchored in foreground. In background the United States Coast Guard ice-breaker *Northwind* is on left and the U.S. Navy ice-breaker *Edisto* on right. The British vessel carrying relief personnel and supplies to the base was assisted in her voyage through the ice by the two American ships.

BREAKING THE POLAR ICE

An Anglo-American Operation in the Frozen Antarctic Ocean

The pictures on these pages, which were taken in the first half of April, have recently reached London. They show British and American seamen co-operating to defeat the heavy pack-ice of the Antarctic. Earlier this year the R.R.S. *John Biscoe* was engaged in re-victualling remote British scientific bases on the edge of the Antarctic Continent and taking replacements of staff to them. She still had three bases to visit when she set out from Port Stanley, the capital of the Falkland Islands, to meet by arrangement the two American ice-breakers, U.S.S. *Edisto* and U.S. Coast Guard *Northwind*. The American ships were to cut a passage through the ice for the *John Biscoe*.

Northwind made her rendezvous with *John Biscoe* on time. *Edisto*, however, found herself trapped in the heavy ice-pack some miles from the other ships. Her crew worked with pick and shovel to release their vessel. Helped by a change in the wind, the ice was broken and *Edisto* joined her companions. The three then carried out the operation as planned. Helicopters from the ice-breakers flew overhead to advise on the state of the ice and at two of the bases the transfer of men and supplies was made by the aircraft. By mid-April the ships had returned to Deception Island outside the heavily-frozen waters. *John Biscoe* is expected at Southampton next week.

On left—

A PASSAGE THROUGH THE ICE: *Edisto* forges ahead to force a channel through the frozen sea. *Northwind* follows and *John Biscoe* brings up the rear in the right-hand foreground. The picture was taken from a helicopter from one of the ice-breakers.

ONE OF BRITAIN'S SOUTHERNMOST COMMUNITIES: The huts form the British scientific station in the ice and snow of Grahamland. *John Biscoe* is left and right background is the U.S.C.G. *Northwind*. The Royal Research Ship, belonging to the Falkland Islands authorities, had to complete her mission to the scientific stations before the Antarctic winter. The United States Navy sent the two ice-breakers to co-operate in making all possible speed through the frozen seas. These ships went back with *John Biscoe* to Deception Island.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO ABERDEEN

The Queen Mother Opens a New Road and a Reconstructed Bridge

THE QUEEN MOTHER IN ABERDEEN: Wearing a slate-blue coat, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother cuts the tape to open the Beach Boulevard.

On Monday of last week Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother paid an official visit to Aberdeen. During her five hours in the city she performed the opening ceremonies of a new dual-carriageway road from the city centre to the beach, and of the reconstructed Bridge of Don. In addition, she accepted the Freedom of the City, attended a civic luncheon, and had tea with members of Aberdeen County Council. Beach Boulevard, the new road, the idea for which was first conceived in 1840 and which was started before the last war, has cost £135,000 to build. More than 400 houses have been demolished to accommodate it, and it is intended to build new buildings on sites left vacant. The bridge over the River Don has been reconstructed to cope with expanding traffic. The old bridge had an 18-ft.-wide road with two narrow footpaths. The new part of the bridge has been added to the old structure so that the bridge has now a width of 60 ft. with a dual-carriageway.

On right—
CUTTING THE RIBBON: Spectators watch intently as the Queen Mother steps forward to cut the ribbon opening the new road. Many old buildings were demolished to make way for the road, which cost £135,000 to build.

FLOWERS FOR THE ROYAL VISITOR: The Queen Mother, holding the bouquet which was presented to her after she had opened the Beach Boulevard, stands with Lord Provost, George Stephen. In a speech before the opening the Lord Provost recalled that the plan for the road was first proposed 119 years ago.

On right—
OUTSIDE THE TOWN HOUSE: With Mrs. Stephen, the wife of the Lord Provost, at her side, the Queen Mother waves to acknowledge the cheers of the crowd after the civic luncheon. Afterwards she went to the north of Aberdeen to open the reconstructed road bridge over the River Don, built at a cost of about £300,000.

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY: Queen Elizabeth is accompanied by the Lord Provost as she leaves the Music Hall, in Union Street, Aberdeen. She had accepted the Freedom of the City of Aberdeen in the hall. Before, she had visited a former Lord Provost in hospital.

THE BANKS OF THE RIVER LEE IN THE SECOND CITY OF EIRE: Buildings of one of the old parts of Cork crowd the hill on the far side of the water. The city, which with 80,000 inhabitants ranks second to Dublin in size of population in Eire, is also a modern industrial centre with many busy streets. It lies eleven miles inland up the estuary of the River Lee from Cork Harbour and with its delightful surroundings makes a good starting point for a tour of the southern parts of the country.

LANDSCAPE OF IRELAND

The Variety of Scenery in Town and Countryside

RELAND is best described as the second largest island of the British archipelago. This is a geographical definition and should offend no one's susceptibilities, whether they live in Northern Ireland or in the greater land mass, Eire, the Irish Republic. The pictures on these pages are concerned with aspects of Eire, its landscapes and its people.

The Republic to-day is a great tourist attraction and visitors will find themselves welcome. But it is pointless for one to travel there and imagine history can be avoided. The Irish are among the most historically-minded people in the world. One can go hardly anywhere without learning something of the past, of the days of glory or of the long centuries of the Anglo-Irish bitterness which too often expressed itself in rapine and slaughter.

The Romans very sensibly never tried to colonise Ireland. The Gaels had long been established there when the Cæsars occupied Britain. Irishmen made raids on the British coasts and on one of these pirating expeditions, if legend is accepted, a certain Patrick was carried away. When he grew up he escaped and made his way to France where he joined a monastic order in Tours. His Vocation called him back to Ireland. Thus began the Golden Age. Not only did St. Patrick convert Ireland to Christianity, he also made it a centre of enlightenment and learning. Missionaries set out for Scotland—Patrick's disciple Columba was responsible for northern Britain becoming Christian—and the Gospel was also spread elsewhere in Europe. The Book of Kells—the Bible which is sometimes described as the "most beautiful book in the world"—is evidence of Irish scholarship. It is now in Trinity College, Dublin.

Unfortunately Ireland, having played a significant part in the early spread of Christianity, became involved in the politics of the Papacy. The Normans, after invading England with Papal approval, obtained permission from Rome to extend their dominions to Ireland. In the twelfth century Henry II established suzerainty over most of the Irish princes. The long, grim history of the Anglo-Irish struggle had begun.

The traveller will so frequently have pointed out the scene of some battle or atrocity that he may sometimes be surprised that any building in Eire remains standing. He is, however, advised to refrain as far as possible from discussion on the respective merits of the Northern Counties and the South. It is a topic upon which Ireland will never be satisfied and it is best left to the Irish to debate in their own particular manner. Those of the younger generations who do not remember "Home Rule" and the way in which it used to agitate politics at Westminster can count themselves fortunate. Let it suffice for them to wonder why it took the English so long to understand that the greater part of Ireland must inevitably become independent.

To-day the Republic of Eire, as its inhabitants will explain in their logical way, "is not exactly in the British Commonwealth and not precisely out of it." At any rate there is no trouble with passports for the English visitor, and communications over the Irish Channel, by sea or by air, are excellent. The best way to see the magnificent countryside of what poets have so often celebrated as "the Emerald Isle" is undoubtedly to walk around it. Since this would take a considerable time, a car has its advantages for those with a limited period at their disposal. There is a well-organised system by which the visitor can hire a car on arrival in Ireland.

(*Continued on following pages*)

AN ANCIENT MONUMENT OF HISTORIC SIGNIFICANCE: The cathedral on the rock of Cashel. Here Henry II received the homage of several princes at the beginning of the long English domination of Ireland.

PASTORAL SCENE: The fields spread an uneven pattern on the cliffs above the sea. In the foreground is a deserted cottage in ruins. Agriculture is the occupation of the great majority of the inhabitants of the Irish Republic. Agricultural products including live stock are the chief export of the country.

LANDSCAPE OF IRELAND

THE HILLS AND LAKES OF KILLARNEY: From the ruins of Ross Castle a visitor looks over Lough Leane or Lower Lake to wooded slopes and peaks of the hills of County Kerry. There are three lakes of Killarney, Upper, Middle and Lower, of which the last named is the largest.

ROMANTIC WATERS: Another view from Ross Castle shows some of the many islets which stud Lower Lake. The castle was built by the O'Donoghue in the fourteenth century. Legend has it that this chieftain keeps perpetual court below the surface of the lake. He is said to emerge regularly, a popular belief being that the time to see him is on May morning.

(*Continued from previous page*)

The roads almost everywhere are in good condition. The Republic Government has carried out a widespread repair and improvement programme in the past years and, owing to the lack of heavy vehicles, the road surfaces are not spoilt. The motorist, however, should not expect motorways in the Continental style. Steep gradients and frequent sharp turns on narrow highways are the general rule. Normally the roads are not flanked by hedgerows but by loose-stone walls or earth banks.

A particular attraction of Ireland is that it has no vast sprawling towns. Dublin has 540,000 inhabitants and the only other city with a population running into six figures is Belfast in the North. Cork, Limerick and Londonderry alone top 50,000 inhabitants. Thus it is a country of small communities and one can walk round many of the towns without undue fatigue. In the country the one-storied cottages will often be found singly or in groups of two or three.

The bulk of the people in Eire live on the land. Generally speaking, the soil is poor and this has caused a centuries-old land problem. In past times famine in Ireland led to the fall of English governments. The Republic Government has brought in several measures for agricultural improvement but numbers of the Irish still prefer to give up the unequal struggle against poverty and emigrate. The size of families is another factor in emigration. Ireland's loss is England's gain. For without the current influx of the Irish to London and elsewhere it is doubtful if certain trades, notably catering and navvying, could carry on.

The traveller will be told much about the Irish language, Gael. This need not cause him any worry, for every native speaks English to visitors, out of the courtesy of their natural good manners. But for the scholastically minded Gael is worth studying for an understanding of the background of the people. This Celtic is a highly-inflected tongue, profuse in idiom and difficult in grammar. It is said that having learnt it, other European languages should present no problem.

A COTTAGE IN COUNTY KERRY: Peat cut from the nearby bogs is heaped in front of the small two-windowed building which is typical of many homes throughout the countryside. The county of Kerry stretches over a number of peninsulas on the Atlantic coast between the mouth of the Shannon and Bantry Bay. Much of the district is mountainous. The range known as MacGillycuddy's Reeks possesses the highest peak in Ireland.

A curiosity of Gaelic literature is that it contains little modern work. It has almost no drama or recent history, art criticism or travel. Most of it consists of myths and epic sagas, annals of families and clans, lives of Irish saints, history, sometimes bordering on legend, of the distant past and an abundance of poetry and folklore. Through Gael one really begins to know the Irish. The areas which are mainly Irish-speaking are known as the Gaeltacht. They lie in parts of Counties Donegal, Mayo, Galway, Clare, Kerry, Cork and Waterford.

It is very difficult to advise anyone where to go or what to see. The itinerary must be a matter of personal choice. One can spend a month in Dublin and by no means exhaust its architectural and human charm. Or one can make for the Atlantic coast in the west and be so enchanted by its remote grandeur that it becomes almost impossible to tear oneself away and move elsewhere.

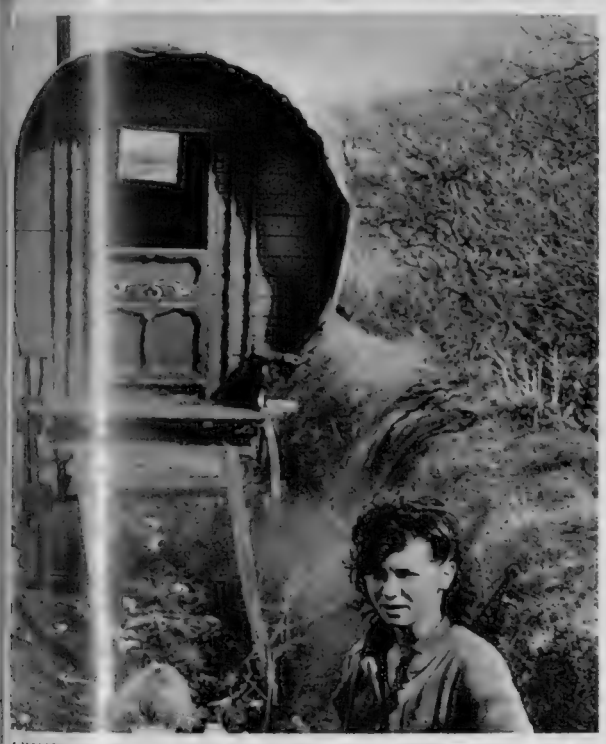
A "must" on the list for many is Blarney and its world-famous stone. This is in the ruins of the castle in County Cork. No one is sure how the stone became invested with its magical property of endowing persuasive speech when it has been kissed. One story is that the myth derives from a somewhat terse remark made by Queen Elizabeth I in negotiating on a matter of land tenure with a certain McCarthy Mor. The stone is placed in a very awkward position. Those wishing to kiss it have to be held head downwards to reach it.

Wherever the visitor decides to travel in Eire, he can be certain on one point. He will never be bored.

On left—

IN THE ENVIRONS OF DUBLIN: Howth is on a promontory at the north of Dublin Bay. It has a large harbour built in 1807-9 which is now used only by fishing vessels and summer yachts.

A BRIDGE IN CORK: The windows of an old house, on the left, jut out over the water. The old part of Cork was built on an island between the two channels of the River Lee. Numerous bridges run over the river to connect the island with new parts of the city to the north and south.



A NOMAD LIFE: A gipsy woman and a child stand outside a caravan. The earth bank by the side of the road is of the type seen in many parts of Ireland in place of hedgerows.

On left—

TRADITIONAL TRANSPORT: The donkey-cart is still common in the remote districts of Ireland. Owing to the lack of heavy traffic, the roads everywhere are usually in good condition, though in some parts the motorist will find steep gradients with very sharp turns.

THE CASTLE AT BLARNEY: The tower is part of the ruins which contain the world-famous Blarney Stone. Those who kiss it are said to gain invincible powers of persuasive speech.

A VITAL LINK IN TRANSATLANTIC COMMUNICATIONS: The ferry puts out from the mainland of Kerry for Valencia Island, in the background, across a channel constantly swept by high winds. The island is the eastern terminal for a transatlantic cable. Valencia was given its name by Spanish traders voyaging to this coast in past centuries.

(Further pictures on following page)

EVIDENCE OF A RELIGIOUS PEOPLE: *Left*—The statue of the Virgin Mary is high up on a mountain road in Kerry. *Right*—A shrine with a canopy in a poor district of Dublin. In the Republic of Ireland religious statues and shrines abound in town and country. All but a small fraction of the population are Roman Catholics.

On left—
THE CAMPANILE OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN: It stands in the centre of the first quadrangle, known as Parliament Square, and was erected in 1853. Founded by Queen Elizabeth I, Trinity College is one of the two renowned universities of the capital of Ireland. The other is University College.

LANDSCAPE OF IRELAND

DUBLIN AIRPORT: Airliners stand on the tarmac at the airport at Collinstown which is 5 miles north-west of Dublin. There are frequent daily services to and from London. The time taken on the flight is 1 hr. 25 mins.

AT THE WESTERN EXTREMITY OF IRELAND: Beyond the barren fields of the mainland, islands lie in the Atlantic Ocean. The picture was taken from the "Ring of Kerry" road, which is also known as the "Atlantic Highway." It offers some of the finest views in the whole of Ireland, though much of the land is barren. The poorness of the soil in many parts means a hard life for the peasant. But visitors are always welcome and everywhere they will hear legends and see evidence of a never-forgotten history.

EXPLORING RUTLAND

A Visit to England's Smallest County. This is really Rural England; A County of Notable Villages With Only Two Towns, Neither is Big Enough to be a Municipal Borough

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

"I AM the only person I have ever known who has been to Rutland. I admit that I have known men who have passed through Rutland in search of a fox, but I have never met a man who has deliberately set out to go to Rutland; and I do not suppose you have."

The words are those of an old friend of mine, H. V. Morton, and are taken from his book *In Search of England*. They are, I think, true enough. Of course, there are thousands of men who are not really "Raddlemen" (which is, so I am assured, the correct designation of Rutlanders) who have been in Rutland: Oakham and Uppingham Schools will account for a good many, and so will the great wartime air force bases at Cottesmore and North Luffenham. But that is not the same thing at all. Have you, in fact, ever met a man who has deliberately set out to go to Rutland? I mean, as people deliberately set out to go to the Lakes or to Devon or Cornwall, to Blackpool or the Broads? I have known only one—H. V. Morton—and I do not think that it is really fair to count him, because he was making a detailed exploration of England at the time. His was not really a deliberate journey to Rutland: Rutland was part of a deliberate journey.

Mind you, I have been in Rutland. Many years ago, as a youth, I played cricket at Oakham and at Uppingham. But I cannot honestly say that on either occasion I was consciously aware of being in Rutland. Much more recently, only a few years ago, I did some research for a book I was writing about George Borrow round about the Ram Jam Inn, and I do not honestly think—much as this will no doubt grieve genuine Raddlemen (incidentally I have never heard that term used in speech)—that I even knew that I was in Rutland then. And I must have passed through Rutland dozens of times without realising that I had done anything of the sort. It is easy enough to do. The county is only 17 miles long at its greatest length and barely that at its greatest width, and it contains within its borders three trunk roads only—the longest of them, I should guess, well under 17 miles—and on the most used of these, a short stretch of the Great North Road, you are in and out of the county before you have had time to realise it. Such is the pace of modern traffic.

I was re-reading *In Search of England*, and Morton's remark brought home to me how little I know of Rutland. So I have been spending a few days exploring the county. Of course, four days is not nearly long enough to explore even the smallest county in England—and it really is very small: only a couple of thousand acres or so, the size of a large farm, bigger than the Isle of Wight—so the view I have got of it is necessarily very superficial. But, in four days, I did learn enough to be sure of two things. That, to know Rutland, you must walk. If I were asked to show a stranger the heart of England, then I would take him to Rutland for here is really rural England, pretty well unspoilt, with its roots lying deep in the very beginnings of our history.

Rutland may be a little bigger than the Isle of Wight, but it is very much emptier. It may boast a couple of thousand acres or so more land, but its total population is less than a quarter of that of the Isle of Wight. There is a great deal of space in Rutland. It would be an exaggeration to talk of wide-open spaces in so small an area (and anyway the lie of the land is all against that sort of thing), but that is the feeling you get. The villages are small and closely-knit. There is not a big town in the county. Rutland is, in fact, the only county in England without a mayor and corporation. It has only two towns, Oakham (the county town) and Uppingham, and neither is big enough to be a municipal borough. Oakham has a population of just about 4,000: Uppingham one of about 2,000. Both are small market towns and both retain much of the atmosphere of prosperous villages. Oakham, in particular, with its Butter Cross and thatched buildings, has also the aspect of a village, and even the new building (most tastefully done, by the way) has not spoilt it.

Oakham, indeed, even though it is so small, swallows time. There is some really good native English architecture of the period, 1680-1820 (which was, surely, the best period of all), and there is the castle (or rather the remains of it) which is transitional Norman at its best, one of the finest examples in England. The Assizes are held in the Great Hall (though I should think that Rutland must have the lowest crime record in Britain), but much more interesting are the horseshoes.

There are on the walls horseshoes of every conceivable size, big ones—the biggest, I was told, beaten out of a strip of metal 7 ft. long—and little ones, and they must form the finest and most astonishing collection of horseshoes in the world. The collection is the result of an ancient custom by which every king and queen, prince and peer who passes through Oakham must give a horseshoe to the castle. There seems to have been some competition in the matter of horseshoes among monarchs. The first Queen Elizabeth contributed a pretty big one, but George IV evidently had no intention of being outdone: his is of solid bronze and stands 7 ft. high.

There is, so to speak, a two-way traffic between Royalty and Rutland. The little village of Ketton pays a few shillings annually to provide the Queen with "leggings." As with the horseshoes nobody seems to know the origin of this custom; and indeed, I could not find out for certain whether the payment is still actually made or whether it is now only something remembered. Leggings are no longer, so I believe, fashionable wear among Queens (but perhaps, technically, leggings can be said to include stockings?), but customs die hard in rural England and I feel pretty sure that the payment will still be made.

THE MARKET PLACE OF THE COUNTY TOWN OF RUTLAND: *Left*—**The fourteenth-century spire of All Saints' the parish church of Oakham is seen behind the new post office. This building, opened in 1954, stands opposite the main buildings of Oakham School.** *Right*—**The house in the centre dates from the late Elizabethan and early Jacobean periods. To the left is the entrance to the Castle, which contains a fine collection of horseshoes.**

Ketton boasts the finest church in a county of fine churches. For that matter, Ketton is an outstandingly beautiful village in a county of notable villages. It is a limestone village, grey—the colour of the sheep for which Rutland was once so famous: there are still a good many sheep reared in Rutland, but it is no longer a sheep county, but a grazier's county— and quite different from the villages of the west of the county.

Scenically, there are—and it is astonishing in so small an area—two quite distinct Rutlands. The north and north-east of the county is limestone upland, a stone-wall country of long views, and the villages—Ketton, Clipsham, Empingham, Tinwell and Little Casterton, are, perhaps, the most notable of them (though I do not pretend to have visited them all)—are silver-grey. Oakham is in the limestone country. The west and south of the county is ironstone country, a country of little hills and thick hedges, a country of glimpses rather than views, and the villages—Braunston, Liddington and Preston seemed to me to be the most notable—are golden. Uppingham is in the ironstone country. And so each of the two Rutlands has its market town, which is right and proper. In one village, Caldecott, the two stones meet, and there the mixture of colours is wholly charming.

To return to the churches: I was told (I did not count them) that there are fifty churches in the county and that forty-five of them are Norman. Ketton was specifically recommended as the outstanding Norman church in the county. Outstanding it most undoubtedly is, and I suppose that it is transitional Norman, though a good deal of it (but I am no expert) seemed to me to be early English rather than strictly transitional Norman. Acknowledging the nobility of Ketton Church, I must say that of all the Rutland churches I visited, the little, late Norman church at Tickencote impressed me most.

The churches are not, of course, the only fine buildings in Rutland. This is a county famous for its quarries—those at Ketton, Clipsham and Casterton, for example, have been worked for hundreds of years and their stone is to be found in many famous buildings elsewhere in Britain—and the quarries brought great prosperity and encouraged fine craftsmanship. So there are not only some great manor houses but also a wealth of yeomen's houses, many of which are now farmhouses, built of the local stone and beautifully built at that. But the craftsmanship did not end with steep gables and mullioned windows, with great church towers and chancel arches, it extended to the humblest things. I would urge any visitor to Rutland to pay particular attention to the churchyards; in many he will find gravestones of exquisite workmanship, and more often than not these headstones mark the graves of humble folk. It was not just a matter of money: the mason could not help himself. He was a craftsman above all else.

The quarries are still worked, and always will be, even in this age of steel and ferro-concrete. But Rutland's prosperity no longer rests upon stone, and the wool trade has disappeared. (Only a century ago Oakham was, for its size, a considerable wool centre, and there were weavers in most of the Rutland villages.) To-day Rutland is a pastoral county. Some excellent barley is grown in the limestone districts, especially along the Lincolnshire border, and there are a few orchards in the south-western corner, but in the main Rutland is a county of permanent pasture. Not quite so much as before the war, I suppose (I was told that in the '30's no fewer than 55,000 acres of the county's 97,000 acres were down to permanent grass), because in the war a great deal of the pasture was broken up and put to corn, but travelling about the county you see very little arable. This is grazing country, fattening country, and therefore, of course, ideal hunting country. The Rutland hunt is the Cottesmore, one of the élite and certainly one of the best managed. You will hear very few complaints about foxhunting in Rutland.

Farming and foxhunting (and there are those who would place them in the reverse order!) are the industries of Rutland. It is all very pleasant and quiet and friendly, and somehow just a little feudal. History, the quiet stable history of great house and yeoman farmer, is everywhere only just beneath the surface. You are conscious of it all the time: conscious that here roots go very deep. You have a feeling, and are thankful, that things in Rutland do not change much.

H. V. Morton had the same feeling back in 1927. "In all England is there anything quite so Old English as a county town where the fox is the chief industry, where they thatch the main street, tax peers, go to sleep in the afternoon, burn wood, never see charabancs or factory smoke, never, as far as I can find out, murder each other, and where the girls, when you ask them a question, look down at the floor and go red round the ears?"

Much of that remains true to-day. But the last thirty years has seen one great change. The girls don't.

A CALL TO PRAYER BY THE DALAI LAMA: He sits outside Birla House, in Mussoorie, his residence during his exile in India, to inaugurate the festival of Buddha Jayanti, the anniversary of the day of triple blessing sanctified by the birth, enlightenment and passing away of the Buddha. He recited the scriptures and addressed a large congregation, including many Tibetans. In his address the Dalai Lama called for prayers that the misfortunes and suffering of Tibet and its people might pass and Buddhism flourish in peace and freedom.

TIBETANS IN EXILE

The Dalai Lama at Mussoorie and Refugees in Assam

HEADING FOR ASYLUM : A file of refugees from Tibet come out of the jungle into a clearing on the border of the North-East Frontier Agency and Assam. Nearby is a point at which Indian Army vehicles pick up the refugees and transport them to the camp at Misamari, in Assam. Many of the Tibetans are arriving sick or wounded.

On the occasion of the Buddhist celebration of Buddha Jayanti last month, the Dalai Lama presided at a service in the grounds of Birla House at Mussoorie, in India, which is his home during his exile from Tibet. In his address His Holiness spoke of " the recent misfortune " of the Tibetan people and said that " their Buddhist faith and its practice had undergone a period of deterioration." As a result a great number of true followers had had to suffer.

He issued a call for prayer so that these hindrances " like the eclipse of the moon or the sun " might pass away. Thus light would be brought for the Doctrine of Buddhism to flourish ever more in peace and freedom. A large congregation, including many Tibetans, was present.

A few days before Buddha Jayanti, allegations that the Dalai Lama was being forbidden interviews with the Press were strongly denied in Indian Government circles. A spokesman in Delhi said that His Holiness had not expressed a desire to receive any journalists. He was completely free to do so, if he wished. The spokesman stated that the Dalai Lama made a distinction between friends wishing to visit him and journalists wanting to interview him. In support of the Indian Government's contention it should be added that at least two reports by notably religious people of discussions with the Dalai Lama at Mussoorie had been widely published in the Indian Press.

As regards the general situation in Tibet, recent reports indicate that there has been no lessening of the flow of refugees over the border. Among the prominent voluntary exiles have been the Sakhya Lama. Aged fifteen, he ranks third in the religious hierarchy of his country, after the Dalai Lama and the Panchen Lama. With his mother and other relatives he reached Gangtok, the capital of Sikkim. The Maharani of Sikkim is his aunt. Almost at the same time it was stated that the Gyawa Karmapa, an important Lama who leads a Nyingmapa Buddhist sect, had reached Bhutan.

The great mass of refugees has been coming to Assam. Thousands of them have been accommodated in the camp at Misamari. Many of them are said to have arrived in a state of exhaustion or to be diseased or wounded. Certain Indian newspapers have taken the Government to task for not allowing these unfortunates to be interviewed. Since there must be a danger of them spreading epidemics, the precaution taken by the authorities would seem to be extremely sensible.

THE YOUNGEST EXILE: A three-year-old boy grins and holds a large mug of tea at Misamari. When this picture was taken he was the youngest refugee among the thousands who had reached the camp from Tibet.

Peking has lately started a propaganda campaign in Tibet alleging that India wants to " swallow " the country. Indian radio stations are engaged in countering this absurdity in broadcasts to Tibet. Booklets explaining why the Dalai Lama is in Mussoorie have been printed for distribution in Lhasa and elsewhere.

AN ADDRESS TO THE FAITHFUL: Surrounded by his entourage the Dalai Lama gives his Buddha Jayanti address at Birla House. His tutors sit on the far side of the throne and the senior monks are in the foreground. Earlier, reports that the Dalai Lama was being kept incommunicado had been denied by the Indian authorities.

AN ABBOT FROM LHASA: Tuten Tsuchin, who was on the staff of the Dalai Lama in the Potala Palace in Lhasa, poses with a young refugee in Misamari.

THE RULER OF TIBET AND HIS RELATIVES: *Left*—The mother and brother of the Dalai Lama are seen in the grounds of Birla House. They accompanied him on his journey from Lhasa. *Right*—His Holiness stands with his mother. These were among the first pictures which were permitted to be taken of the Dalai Lama and his family at Mussoorie.

The Sphere of Travel

THE HEART OF ENGLAND

The Green and Pleasant Countryside Surrounding Shakespeare's Birthplace—Stratford-upon-Avon; Places of Interest in the Town and Excursions to Famous Buildings in Warwickshire

By GORDON COOPER

THE CHARM OF A SMALL ENGLISH TOWN : Famous as the birthplace of William Shakespeare, Stratford-upon-Avon owes not a little of its appeal to its clean and bustling streets, as well as to the reminders of the sixteenth century—the carefully-preserved cottages and houses connected with Shakespeare. It is set in a countryside of much beauty.

NEVER in my life have I enjoyed a more glorious spring in England than this year, and where better to see the beauties of our land than in Shakespeareland ?

> When daisies pied and violets blue
> And lady-smocks all silver white
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
> Do paint the meadows with delight.

Shakespeareland has no definite boundaries, but its obvious centre is Stratford-upon-Avon, which, strangely enough, does not seem to have been unduly spoilt by the hordes of visitors coming from every part of the world who wish to see the places linked with the poet. The town itself has great fascination. To follow the sweep of the river from the theatre to the church, to saunter past the Tudor houses with their well-preserved timbering, and to rest in the garden where Shakespeare's house once stood will bring you far closer to Shakespeare's vision of England than poring over the bits and pieces under glass cases in the museums. The local scene is so various, epitomising the wonderful variety of England as a whole—Forest of Arden, River of Avon, orchard, water-meadow, tilth, the neighbouring pastoral life of " Cotsall " and its sheepfolds, and the great and historic castles of Warwick and Kenilworth.

Although many tourists seem content to pay a mere day's excursion to Stratford, yet this seems to me to be hopelessly inadequate. The country of Shakespeare is to me the green fields, the leafy lanes and the old villages of this county of Warwickshire in the heart of England. Several days can be devoted profitably and enjoyably to a holiday, based either on Stratford or in one of the neighbouring towns or villages. There is a good supply of comfortable hotels and inns, although prior booking is normally advisable, while the countryside is covered by a network of bus services. Having your own car is better still.

All the parishes in the Shakespeare country have a history centuries old, some of them are directly connected with Shakespeare himself, and others traditionally so. There are many old churches dotting this countryside, some of them dating back to Norman times, while Warwick and Kenilworth have their historic castles. Far older than any of these is the Roman Fosse Way, passing through the county of Warwickshire in a straight line, as well as the still earlier prehistoric circle, the Rollright Stones, with their legendary history.

Now for some practical advice. In Stratford itself, the essential sights are Shakespeare's Birthplace, New Place and Hall's Croft, all with particularly lovely gardens. Then, within easy access are Anne Hathaway's cottage and Mary Arden's house (with an interesting farming museum in the barns). All these properties belong to Shakespeare's Birthplace Trust, and an inclusive ticket covering entrance to them all is issued for 5s., a considerable reduction on individual admission fees. You should see, too, the Guild Chapel, with its remarkable series of medieval wall-paintings, Holy Trinity Church, which contains the tomb and monument of Shakespeare, Harvard House for its picturesque interior, while it also contains some handwritten manuscripts by the now little-read Marie Corelli, whose home, Mason Croft, now belongs to the University of Birmingham and accommodates the Shakespeare Institute.

I suggest, too, that you visit the Picture Gallery and Museum, not so much for the paintings (except the portraits of Shakespeare) as for the collection of relics of famous actors and actresses, including David Garrick, Sarah Siddons, Henry Irving, Frank Benson and Ellen Terry; and then, just opposite the Birthplace, there is a shop containing Lanchester's marionettes—occasional performances are given in the town.

The two historic hotels are the Shakespeare and the Falcon, while similar " pubs " are the Garrick and the Rose and Crown. I like also the terrace of the Black Swan Inn, internationally known as " The Dirty Duck," which overlooks the Avon and is only a few yards from the Theatre. I recommend, too, that you become a temporary member of the Festival Club housed in Hall's Croft, for it is a restful and delightful spot in which to relax, especially in warm weather. Members can have teas served in the charming garden. As a centre for excursions Stratford-upon-Avon is unexcelled. Within a radius of 30 miles there are, for instance, thirty historic homes open to the public, a number of them National Trust properties. In the scattered woodlands, parks and orchards, unspoiled villages and hamlets, one can recall vividly the history of former times.

To be selective, I would say that the outstanding places which should not be missed in excursions are: Compton Wynyates, one of the most beautiful of country seats; Hidcote Manor Gardens, remarkable for their layout and the variety of their trees and shrubs; Upton House, with one of the finest collections of porcelain, china and pictures in England; and Warwick, whose historical associations and buildings are of great appeal—the fourteenth-century castle still serves as a residence, but is open to the public, and everything that popular imagination demands of a medieval castle can be seen there, including a moat, dungeons and a portcullis, which is still raised each morning and lowered again at night. Lord Leycester's hospital is the most interesting building in the town, while you should not miss St. Mary's Church, if only because of its incomparable Beauchamp Chapel. Americans will also be attracted to Sulgrave Manor, a

COUNTY TOWN OF WARWICK : The old Westgate (left) of surviving gate. Centre is Lord Leycester's Hospital, a The town contains Warwick Castle, built also in the reconstructed after a fire, includes the Beauchamp

ROUND TRIP TO MADEIRA, TENERIFE, LAS PALMAS AND CASABLANCA

A most attractive service for next winter to Madeira, Tenerife, Las Palmas and Casablanca has just been announced by the Greek Line. They are putting on the *Arkadia*, a modern liner of some 20,000 tons. Each round trip will take twelve days which, with the added attraction of getting ashore at all ports, offers the prospect of a delightful cruise. Alternatively, the sailings from December 19 to April 7 have been so arranged that it will be possible to be set ashore at Madeira, say, or perhaps Casablanca for twelve or twenty-four days or even longer if you can make £100 spread so far. This attractive arrangement suggests all kinds of interesting possibilities.

For example, you could leave Southampton on January 7 and after calling at Madeira, Tenerife and Las Palmas arrive at Casablanca on January 20 at eight o'clock in the morning. From there you are only 150 miles from Marrakesh with its remarkably warm winter climate. You could spend ten days there at one of the many good hotels. The Mamounia is well known and de luxe, and the De la Menara, just outside the city walls, is first-class and comfortable. If you are looking for a good second-class hotel, the El Maghreb can be recommended. On your return to Casablanca you could stay for the night at one of the magnificent new hotels such as the El Mansour, or if you would like a game of golf, there is the seaside resort Fedala, with its excellent course and first-class hotel, the Miramar, which M. Jean Lambert from the Velasquez, in Tangier, now so happily manages. From February 1 you could be on board the *Arkadia* once again and be back on February 5 in Southampton. The same kind of holiday could be arranged in the Canaries or Madeira.

The particular attraction of this service is that a guaranteed return reservation can be made before you leave. There are sailings on December 19, 31; January 12, 24; February 5, 17; March 1, 13, 26; and April 7. The

small Tudor mansion house, preserved as the early English home of George Washington's ancestors.

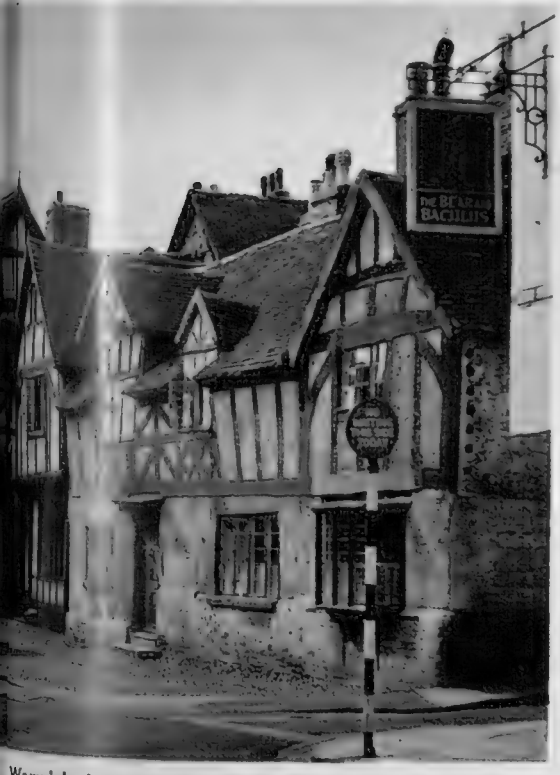
Then, within reasonably easy reach, there are the cathedrals of Coventry, Worcester and Gloucester, and the abbeys at Malvern and Tewkesbury. Oxford, too, is only 28 miles distant, with its famous Blenheim Palace, perhaps the most stately of all England's private homes, close by. Again, four miles from Warwick, stands the ruined Kenilworth Castle, but still retaining its grandeur as a vivid reminder of past days—a spell which lives on in Sir Walter Scott's novel, *Kenilworth*. Nor must I omit to mention the Cotswold country, whose small market towns, villages and hamlets, built in mellowed golden-yellow stone in the traditions of English craftsmanship, are scattered over the countryside. Broadway, with its magnificent views from Fish Hill, is perhaps the best known, but I love also Chipping Campden, Moreton-in-Marsh, Stow-on-the-Wold and Burford.

There are, however, many other picturesque villages, and I still recollect, nostalgically, a walking tour I made there during the war—an 84-mile itinerary—which brought back to me the essence of England's past. It still remains, away from the main roads, an unspoilt area of our lovely country. The walker—that most sensible of all travellers—will also find Stratford-upon-Avon a good centre for pleasant walks, and several days can be profitably used in making day tours.

In conclusion of this necessarily brief survey of Shakespeareland, I must add a few words about the Shakespeare Festival, for a visit to the Memorial Theatre is generally considered essential by every visitor to Stratford. This year is the 100th season and a notable array of actors and actresses have been assembled. Paul Robeson is playing Othello again in England after a lapse of many years, with another American actor, Sam Wanamaker, as Iago. Dame Edith Evans is appearing in an exciting production by Tyrone Guthrie of *All's Well That Ends Well;* Sir Laurence Olivier is to be seen in *Coriolanus* and Charles Laughton in *Lear*.

For information, a number of cheaper seats are on sale for each performance, on the day; tickets can also be obtained through theatre agents in London, while the hotels in the town usually have seats available, especially if you inform your hostelry in advance, when booking accommodation. A final Shakespearean thought from *Twelfth Night*:

> I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
> With the memorials and the things of fame
> That do renown this city.



Warwick is surmounted by a chapel, as is the other half-timbered almshouse built in the fourteenth century. fourteenth century, and St. Mary's Church, which, although Chapel, where are tombs of the Earl of Warwick.

PLEASURES OF AN ENGLISH SUMMER AFTERNOON: A pleasure-boat, full of visitors, leaves a wake on the Avon at Stratford, watched by people lying in the trees' shade on the river bank. In the background a game of cricket takes place. The picture gives an idea of the park-like surroundings of much of Stratford. It is possible to punt on the Avon.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

The Information Centre, Chapel Street, Stratford-upon-Avon.

RECOMMENDED HOTELS

SHAKESPEARE—*An historic Trust House.*

WHITE SWAN—*Another Trust House, dating from Shakespeare's time.*

HAYTOR HOTEL—*Away from all noise and traffic, and with lovely views from its rooms; especially recommended for a stay.*

SWAN'S NEST—*On the banks of the Avon; an A.A. "Rosette" restaurant.*

And for a meal: THE MULBERRY TREE, *whose cuisine is outstanding.*

In Warwick, there is THE LORD LEYCESTER, *an historic hostelry.*

And in Broadway, the famous LYGON ARMS.

APPROACH

London-Leamington (87 miles in 90 mins. by express), then change to branch line or take bus from Leamington Station to Stratford-upon-Avon via Warwick.

February 5 sailing, however, does not call at Tenerife and Las Palmas, but at Tangier and Gibraltar instead.

If you are looking for a cruise over the Christmas and New Year period you may be interested in the one arranged by the Polish Ocean Lines for m.s. *Batory*, which leaves Southampton at mid-day on Christmas Eve for Casablanca, Las Palmas, Madeira and Tangier, arriving back in this country on January 6. Quite long periods are allowed ashore and it is understood that a number of excursions are being planned. The *Batory* is first-class, with most comfortable cabins and excellent food.

W. D. C. C.

SLEEPING AND EATING IN FRANCE

Not least of holiday joys of France lies in its hotels and restaurants. An essential companion, certainly for any motorist, is the *Guide Michelin* for 1959 (22s. 6d.), which is little changed this year, except that some of the prices show a slight rise. At the Tour d'Argent (one of the country's eleven three-star restaurants and the most expensive), for instance, the fixed-price menus are at 2,500 to 4,700 frs., plus service and tax charges, and wine, compared with 2,200 to 3,700 frs. in 1958. But at Lapérouse, my favourite luxury eating-place, prices remain the same: 2,000 to 3,000 frs. Again, Michelin's list of economical restaurants offers meals at less than 850 frs. (last year, 750 frs.), while in the list for Paris there are twenty-four listed at less than 700 frs. compared with twenty under 600 frs., in 1958.

Different in type, but an excellent publication, is the *Guide des Touristes Gastronomes*—a Kléber-Colombes publication at 17s. 6d.—which I find is a reliable guide. Then, for the thrift traveller, there is the *Guide des Relais Routiers*, 1959 (13s.), planned for long-distance lorry-drivers. These publications should be available at good booksellers, but in case of difficulty write to Hachette, 127, Regent Street, London, W.1.

SAINTS COMPETE IN GUBBIO

An Italian Town Honours its Patron Saint

The small town of Gubbio lies on the slopes of Monte Calvo, in Central Italy. With its narrow sloping streets and its old buildings—notable among these are the Government Palace in the town centre and the Convent of St. Ubaldo further up the mountain—Gubbio still retains something of its medieval character. St. Ubaldo was the Bishop of the town in the twelfth century and his memory is honoured each year on May 15—the eve of his day—by a curious and exciting festival. This is the Festa dei Ceri, a race by three teams carrying "ceri" through the streets of the town.

Cero literally means altar-candle but in this case a "cero" is a tall wooden structure, composed of two octagonal prisms, each pointed at both ends, and surmounted by the statue of a saint. It looks rather like a two-stage guided missile. The "cero" is mounted on an H-shaped stretcher and carried by a team of strong men. The three saints are St. Ubaldo, whose bearers wear yellow shirts, St. Anthony, with bearers in black shirts, and St. George, with bearers in blue shirts. The strongest men in Gubbio are chosen to be bearers.

Throughout the year the "ceri" are kept in the Government Palace and before the race they are taken to the town square where the saints are fixed to the tops. The whole town, visitors from miles around and many tourists turn out to see the race. Sometimes there are so many spectators that the competitors cannot get to the starting line in the square except by climbing over them. The race is run through the steep and winding roads of the town and the competitors are followed by crowds of supporters. Then they return to the square where they must make three laps of a flagpole in the centre. The final part of the course takes the competitors and all the townspeople up the mountainside to the Convent of St. Ubaldo. There, as dusk falls, a religious service brings to an end the Festa dei Ceri.

There is a theory that the name Festa dei Ceri derives from the name of the Roman Goddess Ceres, goddess of agriculture, and that the tradition is in her honour. Ceres was the Roman counterpart of the Greek Goddess Demeter and rituals in her honour were held twice a year in September and October. The details of these festivals—Eleusinia and Thesmophoria—are not known but their dates seem to contradict the theory. At all events the Festa is a happy and colourful occasion for the town.

THE RACE OF THE SAINTS IN AN ITALIAN TOWN: In yellow shirts and white trousers, the bearers of the St. Ubaldo "cero"—a wooden structure with the image of the saint on top—run down the narrow main street of the town of Gubbio, in Central Italy.

THE STRONGEST MEN IN GUBBIO: *Left*—The "cero" of St. George is taken out of the Government Palace before the start of the race. *Centre*—Shouting, the St. Ubaldo bearers carry their heavy burden. *Right*—A St. Anthony bearer walks over the heads of the crowd to reach his "cero" in the square.

STOPPED AT A TRAFFIC LIGHT: One of the "ceri," resembling a two-stage missile, is lowered underneath a cable supporting traffic lights during the race through the streets. Spectators help the team.

THREE TIMES ROUND THE SQUARE: The "cero" of St. Ubaldo is in the lead half-way through the race. The three "ceri" go three times round the flagpole in the square and then are taken up the mountainside to the convent of St. Ubaldo. The Festa dei Ceri is held every year on the eve of St. Ubaldo Day.

PROBLEMS OF ELECTRICALLY-POWERED VEHICLES

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

OWNING a horseless-carriage, at the turn of the century, was an indulgence that required technical enthusiasm and patience, as well as a good deal of money. But if their conveyances were fussy and unreliable, at least our grandparents had in some ways a wider choice of them. Besides the internal-combustion-engined car that has survived to us, they had other varieties, such as the steam-car and the electric brougham. The steam-car has quite disappeared from the roads, though it retains some sentimental devotees who will still argue that it was inherently a more efficient system than the petrol engine. And electric-cars have not carried passengers on the roads for many years—though this spring in Britain, Europe and America, plans have been announced to bring them back.

The British project, announced by Traction Electric Ltd., of Stelling Minnis, near Canterbury, involves an entirely new version of the familiar lead-acid battery, claimed to give the same capacity for half the normal weight, with a transformer/rectifier unit built into the car so that it can be charged from any ordinary electric power point. A bank of these lightweight batteries is used to drive the 4-h.p. motor of a baby car or delivery van: it is claimed that these can be fully charged in 90 minutes, giving the runabout a range of about 40 miles, and half charged in half an hour. Using electricity at cheap night rates the vehicle, which may sell at £450, could offer short-range motoring in cities, its makers believe, for a farthing a mile.

A French baby electric-car that has been planned uses a nickel-silver battery, again light in weight. One American company in San Diego, California, is taking orders for battery-powered vehicles that, it says, will be able to travel at up to 55 miles an hour for 70 to 100 miles before the battery has to be recharged. Another, rather longer-range project, notable in that it has gained the support of an existing car manufacturer, is being sponsored by American Motors Corporation (who make the smallish Nash Rambler) and a battery firm, Sonotone. The two have begun research upon developing a battery power plant that could be recharged while the car was going by a generator operated by a small petrol engine.

What makes it worth troubling about this alternative to the petrol-car, which is so firmly established as to have become one of the major vested interests of our time, is that electricity is perhaps the ideal way of putting power on a spindle, i.e., of turning any wheel. Internal-combustion engines have a low torque—which means that they can deliver comparatively little twisting power—when they are running at low revolutions: so to start a car from rest one needs to run the engine fast as the wheels begin to revolve slowly, necessitating the use of a gear-box and a clutch in between. An electric traction motor, on the other hand, provides a high torque at low revolutions and can accelerate up from rest in parallel with the road wheels, so that the motor can be connected directly to the differential on the back axle (though with constant reduction-gears to keep the road speed down).

Constant stopping and starting in town traffic put very heavy wear on the engine, clutch and gear-box of an ordinary car. The motorist knows what a difference this makes to his petrol and oil consumption as against driving on the long, steady journeys that are ideal for the internal-combustion engine; it has much the same effect on the "invisible costs" of wear inside his engine. Electric power would give smoother and faster acceleration up to its maximum speed, reduced complication in the transmission, and probably much lower running costs. Unfortunately, the problem remains how to get the electricity there. The complicated overhead power supply equipment required for trams and even trolley-buses seems gradually to be writing off electric traction in to-day's crowded streets, in spite of their high technical efficiency considered purely as vehicles. The storage battery dispenses with that external power supply; but so far it has added a great deal of weight to the vehicle, which the motor it supplies with electricity has also to propel. The weight of the ordinary lead-acid storage batteries required to drive a medium-size car 100 miles before recharging would be roughly as much as the car itself. Efficient as it may be, the electric traction motor cannot accept this penalty for operation over long distances.

Over short distances, however, and in particular over short distances when the vehicle has constantly to be stopping and starting, no other vehicle can compete with it—and this is the basis of quite a thriving electric battery vehicle industry in this country. For a small but quite important section of the British vehicle population spends its life doing just that—stopping and starting with very little driving in between. There are about 40,000 electric delivery vehicles working their way slowly round the streets of Britain to-day. Something like a third of all the road goods transport services carried out, it has been suggested, consists of short hauls with frequent stops: for all of these, the electric vehicle manufacturers would argue, the electric vehicle is more economic than any other.

These vehicles cannot go very fast: 20 miles an hour is usually the maximum speed set for a vehicle in which the driver sits inside, and the pedestrian-controlled vehicles obviously go no faster than the roundsman can walk. But these limits, which are deliberately built into the vehicle, do not handicap it as much against a petrol or diesel vehicle as might be assumed. A vehicle making frequent stops requires a quick getaway and rapid acceleration to its cruising speed far more than it needs a high speed. Over a measured mile, stopping every ten yards, a petrol vehicle may take about a quarter of an hour while an electric vehicle takes ten minutes; when one allows for the time taken at each stop to deliver milk or collect laundry, the importance of a higher maximum speed becomes even less. The horse, incidentally, possesses these desirable characteristics for delivery in an even greater degree. But he is a temperamental animal, liable to go sick, and requires more specialised attention, seven days a week, than any mechanical vehicle; moreover his cruising speed is so very much lower that nowadays he has become a luxury.

For this workaday job, the advantages of the electric vehicle outweigh its inconveniences and heavy weight penalty. In a vehicle weighing about 2 tons with the driver in but no load, the electric batteries may make up about a ton of this weight; but the motors taking power from them will be able to pull 3 tons for, say, 25 to 40 miles, so that the "payload" is about a ton of merchandise. Since this may be all delivered during the journey the vehicle can start with 1½ times to twice as much payload as its average over the whole journey. Electric vehicles are almost entirely silent, which for early-morning deliveries makes a big difference; electricity for charging them is usually supplied at low rates. It constitutes quite a convenient "off-peak" load of electricity demand for the generating system since it covers practically the whole night: recharging for batteries after a normal day's operation, at the rate normally allowed for ordinary lead-acid batteries, will take about 12 hours.

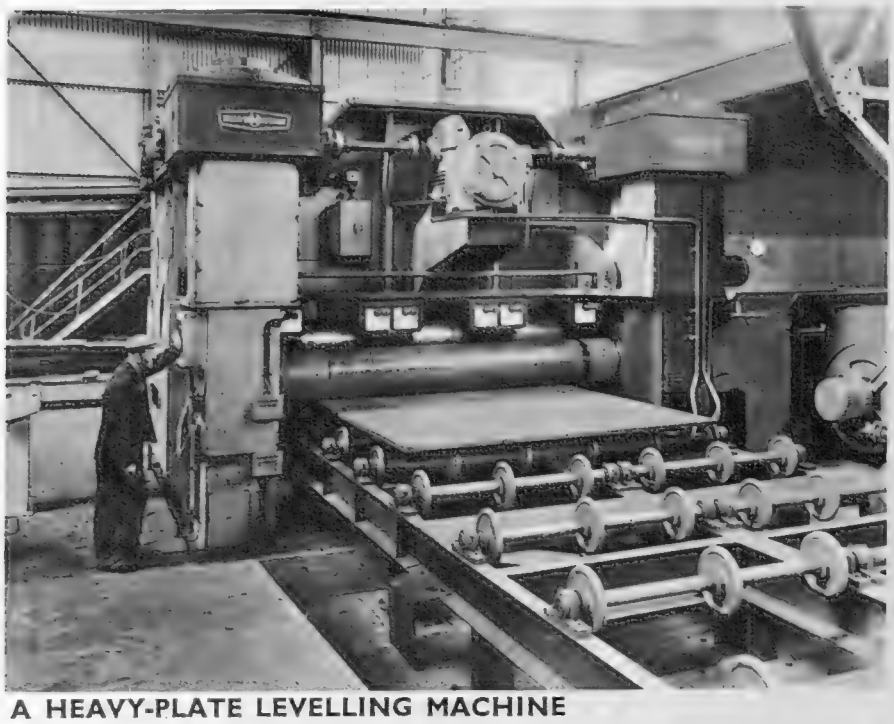
The existing electric vehicle industry has never put forward its product to compete with petrol-engined vehicles for long road journeys, and a glance at the conditions required for successful commercial operation of these battery delivery vehicles shows the difficulties that an electric-car for the ordinary motorist would have to overcome. The idea of charging one's car for 12 hours every night for 40 miles a day, said car being a four-seater weighing perhaps 2 tons, seems hardly practicable. The alkaline nickel-iron batteries sometimes used can be charged faster, but have a lower capacity than ordinary lead batteries. Obviously, much lighter batteries are required.

Nickel-cadmium and nickel-silver batteries are much lighter though at present expensive; if the new lead-acid battery developed for Traction Electric Ltd. fulfils its promise, it may be the answer. Eventually, perhaps, the far more efficient "fuel cells" that have been trembling on the experimental brink of practicability for many years may help in this and other problems of electrical storage. The "ideal" operating conditions for such vehicles, heavy traffic with frequent starts and stops, certainly do not seem likely to grow less ubiquitous; it may be that the taxi and the private car used mainly inside big cities may eventually have to be fitted to do efficiently what they are forced to do most of the time.

A SMALL PROTOTYPE ELECTRIC RUNABOUT: *Left*—Developed by Traction Electric Ltd, at Stelling Minnis, Kent, the T.E.L. car has new lightweight batteries under the bonnet to supply the power. *Centre*—The power unit in the boot develops 4 h.p. *Right*—The car's batteries are recharged by a long lead to a domestic point. Able to seat two people in front, with two children behind, the electric car is capable of speeds up to 50 m.p.h. Its batteries can be recharged from any power point, taking about 90 minutes to give the run-about a range of approximately 40 miles. These pictures are of the prototype model; it is estimated production models might cost about £450.

TWO-PEDAL CONTROL: In the T.E.L. car, one pedal is for the throttle and the other is for the footbrake. The car is designed for short journeys, such as shopping, needing much stopping and starting.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*



A HEAVY-PLATE LEVELLING MACHINE

Designed and manufactured by the Head Wrightson Machine Co. Ltd., a subsidiary of Head Wrightson and Co. Ltd., at Middlesbrough, the heavy-plate leveller can roll out cold plates up to 2 ins. thick by 12 ft. wide. Recently the company received orders from The South Durham Steel and Iron Co. Ltd., for two similar roller levellers to be installed in the new south works at West Hartlepool. The machines are designed to level the metal in one pass, over a wide range of thicknesses. Another two levellers, one to handle cold and the other hot plates, have been ordered by the Davy and United Engineering Company of Sheffield. These will form part of the new mill at the works of Consett Iron Co. Ltd.

AN ALL-WELDED ALUMINIUM ALLOY LAUNCH: The craft was designed and built by Saunders-Roe (Anglesey) Ltd., for service overseas. With a length of 41½ ft., the launch is powered by a Rolls-Royce diesel engine, giving a speed of 14 knots.

A LARGE PASSENGER LAUNCH: With a welded steel hull and aluminium alloy bulkheads, deck beams and superstructure, the 48½-ft.-long vessel can carry forty passengers, a crew of two and freight. It is one of a number of launches built by Saunders-Roe. Its two diesels give it a speed of more than 20 knots.

On left—

LOCOMOTIVES FOR SOUTH AFRICA

Being unloaded at Durban Docks is a Metropolitan-Vickers 2,200-h.p. electric locomotive shipped for South African Railways. The engine was one of two recently despatched from the Stockton works of Metropolitan-Vickers-Beyer, Peacock Ltd., marking the beginning of deliveries of an order for 135 locomotives, worth over £7,600,000 and the largest single order for electric locomotives placed by South African Railways. Classified Type 5E1, the locomotives each weigh about 84 tons.

A SMALLER PASSENGER LAUNCH: Of similar construction to the launch above, the vessel is 38 ft. long and carries twenty-four passengers and freight. It is powered by a Rolls-Royce diesel engine, which gives it a speed of 17 knots.

LAUNCHES DESIGNED FOR TROPICAL USE

Saunders-Roe (Anglesey) Ltd. design and build a wide range of marine craft according to customers' requirements. In recent months the company has built a number of launches to carry freight and passengers on overseas service with various oil companies. They have either all-welded steel or aluminium hulls with Rolls-Royce diesel engines. These are either 6- or 8-cylindered from the Company's "C" range of marine engines. Extremely compact in design, they give sustained power, under all conditions, for long periods. Economy of fuel is achieved by the adoption of a light and compact direct-injection engine.

FIFTEEN TRANSFORMERS FOR THE PUNJAB

Some of the first fifteen of forty-seven transformers destined for the Nangal Fertiliser Plant in the Punjab are loaded on board the *Indian Pioneer* at Birkenhead. They form part of a £1,500,000 contract awarded to the English Electric Company Ltd. This is to supply the complete electrical equipment for the plant at Nangal, which will provide the power for electrolytic cells, enabling chemical decomposition by galvanic action. The cells will produce hydrogen for the nearby fertiliser factory, and also heavy water. All the English Electric equipment is being manufactured at the Company's factory at Stafford.

HUGE TYRES FOR THE BELGIAN CONGO

At Elmdon Airport, Birmingham, four Goodyear earth-mover tyres are loaded by a fork-lift truck into a special charter aircraft for the first leg of their journey to the Belgian Congo. After a phone call to the Wolverhampton factory of the Goodyear Tyre and Rubber Co. (Great Britain) Ltd., requesting twenty of these large tyres, a high-speed air- and water-lift was organised. Within a few hours, the order was on its way to the civil engineering project at Elizabethville. A charter aircraft made two trips to Antwerp where the tyres were transferred to a ship. On arrival, the tyres were flown to Elizabethville. The time taken was twenty days instead of the normal five weeks.

On left—

CONCRETE FINISH

Wrexham Springs, a nineteenth-century house, near Slough, in Buckinghamshire, was taken over by the Cement and Concrete Association in 1946. Since then new buildings have been added, including one designed for the training courses. This was opened in 1957 and contains a lecture-room, a lounge, a recreation-room, and a kitchen and canteen. The terrace of the canteen remained incomplete when the building was opened, but it has now been paved with precast concrete slabs. This, and a new series of display walls and frames adjoining the garden terrace, have been designed to show the advances in the last few years in the use of concrete as a facing material. The canteen terrace (*left*) is paved with dark red, black and near-white slabs. The dark slabs were made of a blue Shap granite aggregate, using burnt Sienna coloured and black cements for the two different colours. The small near-white slabs were hydraulically pressed. *Below left* is part of the new surface finishes display area showing the patterns which can be produced with the "Shadowal" block made by the Atlas Stone Co. Ltd. On the extreme right are "Reformite" (split) blocks produced by Selleck, Nicholls and Co. Ltd.

A COPPER-COVERED DOME IN CANBERRA

During the Royal Tour of Australia in 1954, the Queen founded the Australian Academy of Science. The object of the Academy, which is not a professional institution, is the extending of the knowledge of nature, and it started with seventy-two Fellows. On May 6 this year the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, opened the Academy's building in Canberra. The building, whose architect is Mr. Roy Grounds, of the Melbourne firm of Romberg and Boyd, cost about £250,000. Leading Australian commercial companies were major contributors. The building is unusual, especially in its setting among the trees and low hills of Canberra. It consists of a great dome of reinforced concrete, covered with a skin of copper sheets, and extending over 24,175 sq. ft. The diameter of the dome is 150 ft. and at its highest point it is 37 ft. above the floor. In the picture *above* are the semi-circular arches, with their points resting in the moat, which support the structure. In the background is the building of the Australian Institute of Anatomy. Access to the Academy of Science building is by a bridge of glass and gold mosaic tiles crossing the moat which surrounds the entire construction. Inside there is an air-conditioned circular conference hall which has seating accommodation for about 200 people. Other sections include reception- and reading-rooms, committee rooms, administrative offices, and an exhibition gallery. The building, begun in January, 1957, is set in a spacious forecourt of stone.

On right—

SALISBURY'S NEW BUILDINGS

Much of the building work now going on in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, is being undertaken by British firms. In the centre foreground of the aerial view of the centre of Salisbury is Charter House, the headquarters of the British South Africa Company, which was completed in the summer of 1958. The architect was the Office of Francis Lorne and the builders John Howard and Company (Africa) Limited, who were also responsible for the construction of the new Pearl Assurance building on the right. Opened by Sir Roy Welensky last March, the Pearl building is stated to be the tallest building to date in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The building being constructed on the right of Pearl Assurance House is Trustee House, the contractors being Richard Costain (Africa) Limited, and the architects John Gauldie and Partners. In the centre background is another Richard Costain building under construction—Lonrho House (architect: Albert Ruddiman). The same firm are also building in another part of Salisbury a 23-storey block of offices. The architects in this development are W. D'Arcy Cathcart and Son, Salisbury, in association with Dennis Lennon, a London architect.

WARSHIPS OF THE WEST

An American Missile-firing Nuclear Submarine; an Unfinished Aircraft-carrier Laid Down in 1944; Tankers Launched at Govan and Belfast

A NEW CONCEPT OF NAVAL WARFARE: At the General Dynamics Corporation shipyard at Groton, in Connecticut, the U.S.S. *George Washington*, the first nuclear-powered submarine incorporating ballistic missiles, is prepared for its launching at the beginning of June. Numbered SSB (N) 598, the submarine is designed to fire the Polaris weapon, which has a range of over 1,500 miles, and is due in operation some time next year. The *George Washington* is one of three similar nuclear-powered submarines to be launched this summer; they differ from other nuclear-powered submarines under construction chiefly in the missile-carrying and launching features. Each of the three submarines is due to carry sixteen missiles and to use the Ship's Inertial Navigation System (SINS). This solves the great difficulties of plotting the vessel's exact whereabouts so that precise launchings can be achieved.

AN UNFINISHED AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: *Hermes* arrives at the George V graving dock at Southampton from Barrow-in-Furness. She had been brought there by her builders, Vickers-Armstrongs (Shipbuilders) Limited, for dry-docking before continuing fitting-out at the Barrow-in-Furness yard.

On left—

A MOTOR-DRIVEN OIL TANKER: The *Eskfield* slides into the water at the Govan shipyard of Harland and Wolff Ltd., after the naming ceremony. Built for the Northern Petroleum Tank Steamship Co. Ltd., and Field Tank Steamship Co. Ltd., the tanker is designed to carry petroleum in bulk. Over 600 ft. long, her deadweight will be 28,300 tons. The raked stem and cruiser stern give her a modern appearance.

Above—

A TANKER LAUNCHED IN BELFAST: Under construction for B.P. Tanker Company Ltd., S.S. *British Power*, a turbine-driven oil tanker of 42,000 tons deadweight, is launched at the Harland and Wolff shipyard in Belfast. The company recently completed a similar vessel, the *British Statesman*, at the yard. Of usual tanker design, the 710-ft.-long hull is divided into forty-four oil-carrying compartments.

ARRIVING AT SOUTHAMPTON: Tugs tow the aircraft-carrier into Southampton harbour. Construction on *Hermes* started in 1944 and she will probably be commissioned early next year.

Vickers-Armstrongs (Shipbuilders) Limited, Barrow-in-Furness, laid the keel of *Hermes* in June 1944. She was going to be completed quickly as an addition to the fleet that was fighting the Germans. The war ended and work on *Hermes* was delayed. Lady Churchill (then Mrs. Churchill) performed the launching ceremony in February 1953, and work proceeded on the aircraft-carrier's fitting-out. On Monday of last week *Hermes* arrived at Southampton to be dry-docked at Vickers-Armstrongs' graving dock; there is not one big enough at Barrow-in-Furness. At Southampton her bottom is being scraped and afterwards she will return to Barrow-in-Furness. There, fitting-out will continue until *Hermes* is ready for her acceptance trials late this year. It is expected that she will finally be commissioned in the Royal Navy early in 1960.

Originally built to the Centaur-class design as a sister ship to *Albion*, *Bulwark* and *Centaur*, *Hermes* has undergone so many modifications in design and equipment that she is now known as the Hermes class (Modernised). She has a standard displacement of 22,000 tons, is 744½ ft. in length overall, and 130 ft. in beam, and has a draught of 26 ft. Her propelling machinery consists of Parsons steam turbines, developing 78,000 s.h.p., to give a speed of 28 knots. Her complement will be 1,400 officers and men, and she will carry forty-five aircraft. The new equipment and improved arrangements for which construction was held up includes three post-war developments in British aircraft-carriers—the angled deck, the steam catapult and the deck-edge lift for raising aircraft to the flightdeck from their hangars. Among other equipment is the air defence radar which was installed for the first time in *Victorious*.

On right—

ON THE OPEN SEAS: For the first time *Hermes* is in open water. The voyage to Southampton was undertaken because there is no graving-dock large enough at Barrow-in-Furness.

The World of Books

ZEN BUDDHISM IN CHINA

A Complicated Religion Described by an English Initiate; Ten Years of Test Cricket; Three Novels About Young Women Head This Week's Fiction

MR. JOHN BLOFELD is an Englishman who has not only lived most of his life in the Far East but has become an initiate of modern Chinese Zen Buddhism. His book, THE WHEEL OF LIFE (Rider. 25s.), is partly autobiography and partly also an explanation of what the religion has meant to him and what, indeed, it is. For it seems that the Chinese interpretation differs greatly from the Japanese variety and Mr. Blofeld has been able, through his travels in China, Burma, India and the Tibetan borderlands, to see Zen Buddhism, as it were, at work, and to see splendid and unfamiliar ceremonies performed by priests and Mongolian lamas. He himself spent nine months as a novice in the meditational halls of a Chinese Zen temple, and describes, possibly for the first time, the life of a European in a Zen monastery and writes about a visit to a Chinese holy mountain. A fascinating book and, in every sense, thoroughly out of the way.

CRICKET DECADE (Heinemann. 15s.) has been written by the Cricket Correspondent to the *Yorkshire Post*, a distinguished position which he has held for more than twenty-five years. Mr. J. M. Kilburn's present book deals with the Test matches between England and Australia from 1946 to 1956 and his conclusions are reasonable, informed and often pungently and tersely expressed as becomes one from his county. Excellent photographs, although not enough of them for my liking, well presented score-cards and altogether a stimulating book on a subject which, to many of us, is stimulating, too.

Miss Anne Piper's new novel is SWEET AND PLENTY (Heinemann. 15s.) and she has sub-titled it, not without reason, *Or Mother Goose*. It is concerned with a young and extremely pretty girl who is eighteen when the story opens and only two or three years older when this account of it closes. She is an orphan but by no means a waif. Her two aunts in Somerset love, cherish and bore her; she has a house by the river in Hammersmith and a comfortable income. She is thus all set for voyages of discovery and these she makes with curiosity, courage and no conventions at all. This is a very funny book and essentially, though not overtly, a compassionate one, too. The fact that there is not a single being throughout the story who is thoroughly nasty, not even the noisy American in Venice, does *not* result, as one might have thought, in the book's being mawkish or impossibly sentimental. On the contrary, there are plenty of moments when bright cracks and acidulous comments fly through the air like fireworks. *Sweet and Plenty*, briefly, is that rare thing, a thoroughly enjoyable novel with wit flashing from every page.

When Miss I. A. R. Wylie wrote HOME ARE THE HUNTED (Cassell. 15s.) she was drawing on her own experiences of Provence at its loneliest and most rugged, far from the smoothness of the Mediterranean or the sparkling towns which lie beside it. This is the story of another but very different girl; one who at twenty-four is defeated by life, broken in health and, through the failure of a love affair, longing for the death which is all too close to her. She is an orphan, too, but an embittered one for all her beauty and distinction of lineage. In despair she turns her car off a road leading south, drives it up a rough track and finally crashes it, coming to consciousness much later to find herself cared for by a man, uncouth, half-mad but curiously tender. In a deserted stone village this goat-herd, with one murder to his name, nurses her back to strength and final security. Miss Wylie's writing is, as always, sensitive and imaginative. There is little plot here but a gradual development of character, very satisfying to the reader, and a story which, not in its setting alone, has some of the magic of Jean Giono about it.

ASK ANY GIRL (Hammond. 12s. 6d.) is demonstrably about yet another kind of girl, one who lives in New York at a hundred miles distance from the statutory number of parents. Winifred Wolfe's young woman has an experimental turn of mind which recalls Anne Piper's creation, but there, although some of the dialogue is also bright and amusing, the likeness ends. For this is a young *belle* to whom conscience spells convention and her enquiries into the behaviour of the young American male are strictly security-minded. In other words, her object is marriage and she is quite wise enough to see that all the young gentlemen who urge her to relax and enjoy herself are not necessarily thinking of wedded bliss. Funny, crackling with good lines and, as it happens, very relaxing reading.

THE ENGLISHMEN (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.) is an intelligent, sharply-focused story about teachers at a South African school and their problems of which the purely academic are the least. They suffer from love and jealousy, from the feeling of being expatriates or preferring to be expatriates, from anguish or exasperation over the racial problems and from painful indecision about the right course to take in constantly changing currents. The principal character—and the most attractive one in the novel—is a young South African master, engaged to a pretty girl, whose dream is to go to England with her as his wife and take a job at a Dorset school. Before this can happen, two Englishmen come out to the Cape to join the present school and discord comes to the surface, forcing the young man to stand by his hitherto rather inchoate principles and sacrifice both girl and job. Mr. Laurence Lerner writes admirably well and after reading his book one feels several steps nearer to an understanding of South Africa in the present day.

CELEBRATING THE PUBLICATION OF A BOOK: At a party given at Fortnum and Mason, in Piccadilly, by Mr. Max Reinhardt, are, from left, Mr. Stephen Potter, Mr. H. J. Heinz II, and Mrs. Potter. The occasion was the publication of Mr. Potter's book *The Magic Number: the Story of "57."* Mr. Heinz has been President since 1941 of the company making the famous 57 varieties.

Back to the United States with THE SHORT SUMMER (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.), in which Miss Loula Grace Erdman tells a story against the background of a small Missouri town, in the summer before the 1914 War. They were nice enough people who lived in this town, hardly a downright villain among them, and they were content with their existence, believed in its security and enjoyed the pleasures of band concerts and family reunions, or the more dazzling dissipations of an occasional Chautauqua, a word on which the Oxford Dictionary is silent though I believe it is some kind of itinerant or local fair. Miss Erdman's talent for evoking the past of her country and its pioneering history had been shown in earlier books. Her touch is as sure and the atmosphere her writing conveys just as convincingly authentic.

The odd thing about the short stories of Miss Daphne du Maurier is that they are apt to reflect a far more melancholy mood than her immensely successful novels. True, the most popular of these have, like *Rebecca*, had a tragic turn but they were concerned with the matters of living, loving and dying, whereas there are some amongst the eight short stories in THE BREAKING POINT (Gollancz. 15s.) which have their roots in a very different kind of existence. Take, for example, *The Blue Lenses*, in which a woman has an eye operation and, recovering, sees everyone who surrounds her as strangely masked with animals' heads, masks which seem to her a revelation of their natures. It does her convalescence very little good to see her devoted visiting husband as a vulture, or herself, on the day before her return to domestic life, as a timid deer, its head already bowed for sacrifice. Again, *The Alibi* is a story in a very sombre mood with its sordid basement setting, a mute child roped daily to a front door boot-scraper, and the final, savage denouement. There is, however, one purely funny story and this, whether from relief or good judgment, one greets with delight. It is *The Menace* and it is about a famous English-born film star and his one breakaway from the team of wife, manager, agent, and so on, who watch his every waking moment. His night out is riotously funny and Miss du Maurier has written about it with very endearing humour.

The novels of Mr. Alfred Duggan have just that blending of scholarship, imagination and technical skill in the handling of a story which earns the approbation even in those places where the historical novel as such is looked down upon. In FOUNDING FATHERS (Faber and Faber. 16s.) Mr. Duggan allows himself a good deal of freedom from the fetters of historical accuracy since it is the story of Romulus and Remus and the first fifty years of the foundation of Rome. What is known of all this comes from legends which some scholars detect to be of Greek origin. If the early Romans felt a need for the manufacture of history and of heroes this human trait has since been most vigorously pursued across the other side of the Atlantic. You can enjoy every word of Mr. Duggan's novel because his characters and his heroes, if founded in legend, are intensely human, and the drama is unfolded with a skill which brings the whole scene vigorously to life.

CRIME AND AGAIN (Crime Club. 10s. 6d.)—and why did no one ever think of that appropriate title before, for a volume of four detective tales?—is by Mr. Rex Stout and therefore, as you would expect, deals with the adventures of Nero Wolfe, New York *gourmet*, orchid-fancier and crime-detector, and his henchman Archie who will drink a glass of milk as readily as the next man but only grows tougher on it. Good fun and some highly ingenious sleuthing.

TWO STUDIES IN CRIME (Hutchinson. 21s.) is not fiction but a serious examination of two murder cases which may have had points of similarity about them. The first was the murder of Lord William Russell, of which his Swiss valet was accused. This took place in 1840 and, nearly a hundred years later, in 1931 occurred the murder of Julia Wallace, of which her husband, William Wallace, was accused. The Swiss was found guilty and hanged; Wallace appealed against his conviction, which was eventually quashed. Both these crimes and the evidence given at the subsequent trials have been analysed with considerable perception by Yseult Bridges, who has made a speciality of cases of domestic murder, if one can use that odd conjunction of words, and the result will be of exceptional interest to amateur criminologists.

Vernon Fane

LORD'S EYE VIEW OF MOSCOW

Lord Kilbracken's Story of a Recent Visit to Russia

John Godley, Lord Kilbracken, is a peer with a sense of fun, a thirst for adventure and a fluent pen, the latter proving a useful aid in maintaining the old ancestral home at Killegar, in the wilds of Northern Ireland. While other noble lords are opening up their homes, Lord Kilbracken is out and about as a free-lance journalist. On his recent visit to Russia he interviewed Khrushchev for a solid half-hour, at an overcrowded Embassy reception in Moscow. A PEER BEHIND THE CURTAIN (Gollancz. 18s.) is a full account of his Lordship's Russian visit, and, as one may expect, a racy one, too. Lord Kilbracken did the usual Intourist round, through art galleries and agricultural exhibitions, enjoying the sights and scenes of Russian life amid the wide boulevards of Moscow and the gracious buildings of historic and largely restored Leningrad. In writing about Russia he is supremely fair, stating frankly the things he admires in the Soviet Union, not caring overmuch what label the world will choose to put upon him and what interpretation it will place upon his actions. *A Peer Behind the Curtain* is not heavyweight literature in any sense, but we can rest assured the proceeds from it will play a large part in preserving Lord Kilbracken's beloved Killegar home, and what better reason could a good Irishman have for stepping out in Moscovy?

Apart from its unsavoury title Leopold Stein's LOATHSOME WOMEN (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.) is a cultured piece of work, reflecting half a life-time of study given by this Viennese-born Jungian psychologist to analysing women. Dr. Stein describes his enchantresses, hags, spiders and Lady Bountifuls in a series of life stories, and he describes, too, what the therapist can sometimes do to assist them, provided, of course, he does not become ensnared and enslaved himself. Dr. Stein's book is written in collaboration with Martha Alexander; the English is uncomplicated and the jargon is kept down to a minimum.

Another writer who takes us along tortuous paths is Neville Williams. The author is Assistant Keeper of Public Records, and from the national archives he has already extracted a wealth of material, some of which appeared in his excellent book *Contraband Cargoes: Seven Centuries of Smuggling*. In KNAVES AND FOOLS (Barrie and Rockliff. 18s.) Mr. Williams presents an astonishing rogues gallery; murderers, forgers, bigamists, impostors and hoaxers all take part in this grim parade. Most intriguing of all, readers may feel, is the Restoration story of the Peer and the Payclerk, the infamous Captain Charles Lord Gerard of Brandon and his man Carr, who for years robbed the Lifeguards of their pay, taking a steady £2,000 a year of public money not only by keeping dead men on the books but depriving the living. Gerard was eventually put out to grass, commanding the Militia in the Isle of Wight, but he staged a neat comeback and at the Glorious Revolution, was heaped with honours and in due course buried beside his French wife in Westminster Abbey.

On Wednesday, September 24, 1952, a time-bomb exploded in the forward baggage compartment of an

A NEW MUSICAL IN LONDON: The principals and chorus dance the New Bohemian Polka in a scene from *Marigold*, a musical romance based on the original play of the 1920's, which opened at the Savoy Theatre in London last week. In the foreground, from left to right, are Sophie Stewart, Jean Kent, and Sally Smith.

On right—

MARIGOLD AND HER AUNT: Sally Smith and Sophie Stewart adjust their flowered bonnets. Before the war, Sophie Stewart acted Marigold in the original play and now returns to play the aunt, Mrs. Pringle.

GENTLE ROMANCE IN VICTORIAN SCOTLAND

Late in the 1920's a play of simple and appealing charm set in Scotland in the early days of Queen Victoria's reign had a great success in an era when sophistication was *de rigueur;* to-day that play, *Marigold*, transformed by Alan Melville and Charles Zwar into a musical, is running at the Savoy Theatre, in London. On its first night it was greeted with enthusiasm. The story is simple: Marigold, a young girl brought up by her aunt in a Scottish manse, invited to Edinburgh to view the State visit from the castle, arrives in the embarrassed officer's quarters, unchaperoned. Fortunately, the aunt rescues her in time; there is no scandal; Marigold discards an elder suitor and finds a Gordon Highlander.

On left—

A GAY DANCE: Officers from Edinburgh Castle and their partners are engaged in a sixteen-some reel. The musical was written some time ago by Alan Melville and Charles Zwar, but production was held up until a suitable girl could be found for the part of Marigold. Sally Smith proved a great success.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE MUSICAL: *Left*—Marigold (centre background) and her aunt, Mrs. Pringle (right background), take part in the finale of Act 1. *Right*—Sally Smith, as Marigold (centre), sings "Love Can't Be Learned." Directed by Murray Macdonald, the musical also stars Jeremy Brett. The settings were designed by Hutchinson Scott.

aeroplane flying between Mexico City and Oaxaca. Among the passengers were Margaret Larkin and her ten-year-old daughter. Mrs. Larkin survived to tell the tale, and what is more to find out what lay behind the explosion, following closely the trial of the criminals which was for over a year a *cause célèbre* in Mexico. SEVEN SHARES IN A GOLDMINE (Gollancz. 21s.) is a breathtaking narrative, and a first-class piece of reportage which has already won Mrs. Larkin high praise on the other side of the Atlantic.

The New Naturalist Series now consists of some forty scholarly and, for the most part, very readable volumes. Latest addition is BUMBLEBEES (Collins. 25s.), by John Free and Colin Butler, who have collaborated most successfully. There are two appendices by Ian Yarrow, of the Entomology Department of the British Museum, and Dr. Butler provides forty-six admirable photographs. The Bumblebee is not quite the same well-integrated social figure as the honeybee, and this examination is perhaps of special interest from the evolutionary point of view. The enthusiasm of the authors for field research has clearly yielded much new material and will encourage others, no doubt, to follow in their path.

Frank and Keith Beken have a great reputation as photographers afloat. THE GLORY OF SAIL (Ariel Press. 45s.) is their latest joint effort. To a yachtsman there is a story in each picture, not least the picture entitled "Initiation," the slender, graceful *Bluebottle* sailing with spinnaker set, the Duke at the helm and his son, the Prince of Wales, on his first sail in a racing craft. Somehow the photographer has caught the spirit of the occasion, and one can, indeed, say this of most pictures by the talented Bekens.

R. C. E.

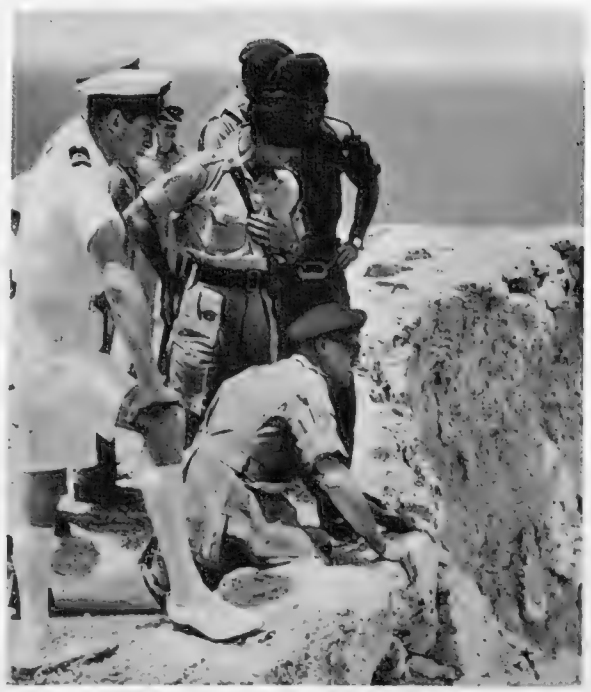
A SHIP IN THE SEAWAY

A Cargo Vessel Passes Through the St. Lawrence Seaway to Chicago

A SEAGOING FREIGHTER ENTERS CHICAGO: A lift-bridge is raised to allow the American cargo vessel *Santa Regina* to pass along the narrow Calumet River and dock at Chicago. The vessel had passed through the St. Lawrence Seaway from the Atlantic Ocean.

During the first few weeks of the St. Lawrence Seaway's operation, traffic has been gratifyingly heavy for the Seaway Authorities. There have, however, been difficulties which were expected to arise. One of these is the delay to shipping bound to and from America's inland ports, notably on the Welland Canal, linking Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, where at one time thirty-one ships were waiting to pass the locks. Another is a dispute about pilotage, foreign shipowners maintaining that it is not necessary. Chicago, on Lake Michigan and more than 1,500 miles from the Atlantic, has reason to be pleased with the Seaway. The port there has had its busiest period for some time and the dock labour force have handled as many as eight ocean-going vessels simultaneously. One of these was the American Grace Line cargo ship *Santa Regina*, among the largest of the first vessels through the Seaway. At Chicago she took on a part cargo for South America—a part cargo because her fully-loaded draught of 27½ ft. is too great for the Seaway. The Queen and President Eisenhower will officially open the St. Lawrence Seaway on June 26.

"SANTA REGINA" ON THE SEAWAY: Spectators line the banks as the 6,119-ton seagoing vessel edges slowly through the lower Beauharnois Lock upstream from Montreal. With a beam of 63 ft. she could navigate the 80-ft.-wide lock without difficulty.



A DISPLAY FOR THE RETIRING GOVERNOR: Sir Robert Laycock watches commandos scale the cliffs of Ghar Lapsi, in Malta. He spent a day with the Third Commando Brigade, R.M., shortly before he left the island.

On left—
A NEW RIFLE: Sir Robert Laycock examines the new self-loading rifle issued to the commandos. On the left is Brigadier R. D. Houghton, commanding the Third Commando Brigade, Royal Marines.

SCALING THE CLIFFS OF MALTA

A Commando Display for the Retiring Governor, Sir Robert Laycock

Shortly before Sir Robert Laycock, with Lady Laycock, left Malta at the end of his five-year term of office as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta, he spent a day with the Third Commando Brigade, R.M., in which he saw endurance and other tests performed by the men, and examined their modern equipment. His successor in office is Admiral Sir Guy Grantham.

During his period of office, which saw a succession of controversies between the Maltese, Sir Robert accepted two extensions of office. Despite recent dissension over the handing-over of the Malta dockyard to a civilian firm, the situation on the island has appeared to be more stable than in the past.

ON THE CLIFFS OF GHAR LAPSI, IN MALTA: During the display for the retiring Governor of Malta, commandos scale the steep slopes on the island. The leaders have ropes trailing from their backs, but climb without any assistance from above.

CROWDS AT THE SHOW: Under the trees in the grounds of the Royal Hospital in London, visitors to the Chelsea Flower Show inspect the varied exhibits. The annual spring exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society was visited by the Queen and Prince Philip. The show was given an international flavour by exhibits from Belgium, Holland, and West Germany. Rhododendrons and azaleas were some of the most impressive flowers on show, in the formal and informal gardens; a large range of garden equipment and sundries was also demonstrated; and inside the marquee were exhibits of annual flowers.

THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW

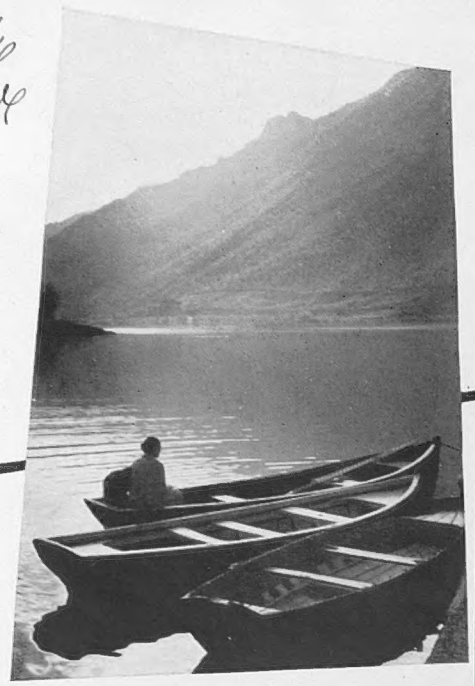
The Queen at the Royal Horticultural Society's Spring Exhibition

THE QUEEN'S VISIT: Her Majesty is shown a weather indicator in "The Times" Garden of To-morrow, by Mr. Gavin Astor. Behind the Queen is Mr. David Bowes Lyon, who is President of the Royal Horticultural Society.

TWO TYPES OF GARDEN: A picturesque rock garden at the Chelsea Flower Show includes a small waterfall and stream running through it. *Left*—A woodland garden has evergreens to set off the flower-beds. This year's Show showed a greater variety of flowers than ever before.

An Italian lake with a primitive fascination. The lake with the flaming sunsets

Lake d'Iseo



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MATE FOR A WHALE

An Inflatable Raft was Used to Catch a Male Companion for a Female Whale in an American Oceanarium

A WHALE AND ITS NEW HOME: At the Oceanarium, California, a 17-ft.-long male whale is lowered into the water in a specially-made raft. This was constructed out of nylon fabric, inflated with carbon dioxide. The mammal was caught to provide a mate for one of the female whales already in captivity in the Marineland Oceanarium.

In what is claimed to be the world's largest Oceanarium—Marineland, in California—Bubbles, a female whale, lived with another female who is called Squirt. It was decided to provide Bubbles with a mate and the Marineland officials asked the Firestone Tyre and Rubber Company to produce a suitable raft to enable the capture of a male whale. The raft was made out of coated nylon fabric, inflated with carbon dioxide. On the first day out from the Oceanarium, the hunters were lucky enough to sight and capture a suitable specimen. The raft was placed under a 17-ft.-long pilot whale and inflated within four minutes.

In the "drydock" it was necessary to prevent the whale from being sunburnt, and it was covered with fabric, which was continually wetted. The hunters also made certain that the mammal's tail did not get into the water, since that might have excited it. After the 15-mile tow back to the shore, whale and raft were lifted on to a waiting truck. From this the 24-ft.-long package was hoisted by crane into the salt-water tank. As Bubbles watched, her new companion was released and sank slowly to the bottom; after a minute or so the whale began a slow and careful inspection of his new habitat.

Although the male is intended as a mate for Bubbles, it might be that the female companion Squirt would catch his eye. So successful was the raft, which only took a week or so to build, that it was thought that another try might be made with it for a whale somewhere in the Atlantic.

A DELICATE TRANSFER OPERATION: The 3,000-lb. whale and the raft are lifted by a crane from the truck and swung through the air into the salt-water tank, which holds 640,000 gallons. Out of its element, the whale remained motionless.

John Masters

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

CONTEMPLATING A HOLIDAY IN IRELAND ? (*Continued from May 23.*)

STEERING north from Ashford Castle Hotel, Cong, the next halt should be made at the Pontoon Bridge Hotel, near Foxford, yet another surprise in modern appointments, catering and comfort. The main magnet of attraction is the fishing, for the hotel stands on a peninsula at the junction of Loughs Conn and Cullen, and fishing for salmon, brown trout, white trout and pike is free—though boats and ghillies, of course, must be hired. Those interested should write to the hotel direct for their angling leaflet.

We next come to Sligo, the birth-place of W. B. Yeats. Here the Great Southern will take good care of those who would like to see for themselves that corner of Ireland Yeats loved so well. It was the first of the C.I.E. hotels to be brought into the luxury class by the provision of private bathrooms and other present-day needs.

Twenty-four miles north we come to Bundoran, one of the best-known golfing and seaside resorts, with good bathing strands and a fine golf links adjoining another of the C.I.E. group, the Great Southern. Do not run away with the idea that Bundoran is a Bournemouth, Brighton, or the size of Bognor Regis. The total resident population is but 1,680 ! (Ireland has few seaside resorts of any large size. Bangor, in Co. Down, " Belfast by the sea," is the largest, with 20,600 inhabitants, and probably Bray, 16 miles from Dublin, comes next with a population of 12,000 odd.)

Now we are at the foot of Co. Donegal, for which I must admit a growing fascination. In parts it is as wild as Connemara and as scenically attractive as Co. Kerry.

Good hotels are few, and beyond the Great Southern at Donegal, I have only three others as yet. First, then, come with me to the banks of Lough Eske, four miles west of Donegal. Here, if you circuit the Lough anti-clockwise, you will come to a private estate named Ardnamona, whose Georgian-type house is run as a licensed Guest House. The prospectus we had received was headed " The most beautiful place on earth." And so we found it last June. A perfumed riot of azaleas and rhododendrons, acres of woods, lush meadows, fishing, shooting, riding and a house so perfectly furnished, and the catering so good, that it took tremendous resolution to move on. As there are only eight letting bedrooms, transient guests are not normally catered for, so you should write or telephone ahead—Donegal 92. The terms last year were 19 gns. a week, inclusive of everything.

Fifty-six miles further north, via Ballybofey and Letterkenny, will bring you to one of Ireland's best hotels, a complete holiday resort in itself—Rosapenna. The facilities that the Directorate offer for leisure and pleasure are most comprehensive. They range from a championship golf course to a nine-mile Atlantic coast drive, a private landing-ground for aircraft, and reserved salmon and sea-trout fishing on the famous Lackagh River. There are also the more normal amenities such as tennis, croquet, swimming-pool, sea bathing (innumerable silver beaches), plus all the attributes of an absolutely first-class 90-bedroom hotel, under the efficient management of Mr. E. Bernard.

For those who cannot aspire to Rosapenna prices (from 45s. to 63s. daily) I would suggest the Fort Royal Hotel at Rathmullen, about 25 miles further north, a country-house hotel that stands in extensive grounds on the shore of Lough Swilly. A fascinating spot for a family holiday or honeymoon, with good food and service. Inclusive terms from 30s. a day.

Now we pass over the border into Northern Ireland and are not yet at journey's end. The main attraction on the north-east coast is the Antrim coast road, but halt awhile in the Portrush area, and we would advocate the Golf Hotel at Castlerock. A small hotel, personally run by resident owners, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Mabbot, who watch every point and maintain high catering standards.

The next hotel that will excite your interest is Ballygally Castle, or " The Candlelight Inn," four miles north of Larne. Here, indeed, is an hotel abounding in pleasant surprises and offering a superb cuisine. For your entertainment there is the Dungeon Bar in the original castle—a clever combination of old and contemporary—and the Marine Lounge, with sweeping views of sea and sand. Detailed thought has gone into the furnishing of each of the twenty-four bedrooms and there are three luxurious suites named after the counties of Antrim, Donegal and Tyrone. Out of doors, you can swim, play golf on the course behind the hotel, or fish in the nearby trout-stream, and there is tennis and putting in the hotel grounds. Should you be returning from Larne to Stranraer, what a magnificent finale to your Irish holiday !

If you wish to stay in the Belfast area, the Old Inn at Crawfordsburn is our choice, but as its fame is widespread, you *must* write or telephone ahead. (Tel. : Helen's Bay 3255.) It is to be found some ten miles east of Belfast, off the Bangor road.

The next touristic attraction is the Mourne Mountains, so note on your map Newcastle, Co. Down, where the 96-bedroom Slieve Donard Hotel caters alike for family holidays as well as for motorists. Two of the great attractions here are its sands and safe bathing for children, and the adjoining Royal County Down Golf Club. Rostrevor—Great Northern Hotel—on the shore of Carlingford Lough, 23 miles further south, would also make a pleasant break on one's journey.

Crossing the border, look out for the signboard on the Belfast–Dublin road two miles on the Belfast side of Dundalk, for Ballymascanlon House Hotel, a lovely country house lying at the foot of the Carlingford Mountains and set in 100 acres of grounds. A pleasant halting-place prior to completing the circuit to Dublin. Some 2,000 miles in all, and I feel confident in saying not a dud hotel !

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. ARDNAGASHEL HOUSE
25 yards from the sea. An Irish Country House Hotel in glorious scenery, with goggle-fishing, bathing, sailing, or just eating, drinking and lazing. Write R. Kaulback.

BOURNEMOUTH. CARLTON HOTEL
Patronised by Royalty. Situated on the East Cliff and facing full south, enjoying maximum sunshine and sea views. 150 bedrooms and suites. Lifts. Central heating. Excellent garage facilities. A.A.***** Tel. : 6560.

NR. BOURNEMOUTH, SANDBANKS. HARBOUR HEIGHTS HOTEL
Outstanding in food, wine, service and position. Overlooking Poole Harbour. Close sands, sea, sailing. Golf (Parkstone). Fully licensed. Tel. : Canford Cliffs 77272.

CIRENCESTER, Cotswolds. STRATTON HOUSE HOTEL
Lovers of good food and wine and those appreciating quiet bedroom comfort (many private bathrooms and suites) favour this hospitable seventeenth-century hotel one mile out on the Gloucester Road. Cocktail bar. Lovely garden. Hard tennis court. Free golf. Excellent touring centre. Write for brochure or Tel. 836.

HYTHE, Kent. HOTEL IMPERIAL
facing sea with full-length 9-hole golf course, tennis, putting and croquet, is a holiday resort in itself, IN ALL SEASONS. Excellent cuisine and service. All bedrooms with private bathrooms. Billiards. Ballroom. Lift. Cocktail lounge. Tel. : 67441.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
First-class, 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine ; fully licensed. Phone all rooms ; suites. Putting, Swimming Pool. Adjoins Golf Club. Sunnyhill 3341.

LONDON, S.W.7. QUEENSBERRY COURT HOTEL
Close South Kensington Underground and Air Terminal. 41 bedrooms (radio equipped). Some private baths. TV. Licensed. Friendly environment. Tel. : KEN 3693.

MALVERN. THE FOLEY ARMS
Seeking a rest from business or housekeeping worries ? This hotel, noted for its comfort and excellent fare, is the answer. Tel. : 197.

MALVERN. MONTROSE HOTEL
Quiet, homely, honest fare. Amidst exhilarating air and unspoilt scenery. A delightful motoring centre. Write resident owner, A. H. Street. Tel. : 335.

MUNDESLEY-ON-SEA, NORFOLK. HOTEL CONTINENTAL
for the perfect family holiday. Under same direction as HOTEL HERMANUS, WINTERTON-ON-SEA. Children's Nursery. Qualified nannies. Special provision for teen-agers. A completely redecorated and refurnished hotel. Private baths. Lift. Overlooking sea, glorious sands. Traditionally sunny. Advantageous terms May to July. Fully licensed. Tel. : 271.

NEWMARKET, Suffolk. BEDFORD LODGE HOTEL
Note well this quietly situated country house for restful nights, excellent catering and the friendly environment of its Cavalier Bar. Tel. : 2073.

NR. OXFORD, WESTON-ON-THE-GREEN. WESTON MANOR HOTEL
9 miles from Oxford. Admirable touring centre. Genuinely historic, gastronomically interesting. Charmingly furnished. Squash, Swimming pool. Week-end dances. Fully licensed. Resident owner, Mrs. M. L. Sears. Tel. : Bletchington 260.

ST. IVES, CORNWALL. ST. IVES BAY HOTEL
(52 bedrooms, some with private bath) occupies commanding position overlooking sea and sands. Dancing, tennis, garage. Golf and Riding Stables in the vicinity. Children very welcome.

SIDMOUTH, Devon. THE BELMONT
First class, fine seafront position. Noted for catering, refined comfort and unostentatious service. Suites. Many bathrooms communicating. Lift. No dancing or music. Fully licensed. Tel. : 1555.

SIDMOUTH. VICTORIA HOTEL
For your early summer holiday or honeymoon. Scenery, sea air and sunshine in plenty. Admirable cuisine, " cellar " and service. Bedside telephones and radio. TV. Beauty salon. Cocktail lounge. Private Beach Shelter. Come and be spoilt ! Tel. : 951.

WESTONBIRT, Nr. Tetbury, Glos. HARE & HOUNDS
A comfortable base for a Cotswold holiday. An admirable objective when motoring. Tennis, squash. Cocktail Bar. Famous Arboretum adjoins. Tel. : 233.

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. OATLANDS PARK HOTEL
One of Britain's best-run country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Own Swimming-pool, Sporting Golf course, Tennis, Squash, Bowls, Billiards, Dancing—all free to residents. 60 acres of grounds. 150 rooms (many with private bath). Self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure. Weybridge 4242.

WEYMOUTH, Dorset. GLOUCESTER HOTEL
famous since George III's reign for comfort, cuisine and " cellar." Sunnily positioned overlooking Weymouth Bay and always in season. A.A. 3-star. Tel. : 404.

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